PP9716C

THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 4. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A NOTED GAELIC WORK.

Mr. Standish H. O'Grady Has Placed Before the Literary World a Collection of Tales and Legends in the Irish Language.

Transliterated From Manuscripts, Some of Which are Nearly a Thousand Years Old —Some of Its Regretable Defects.

"Silva Gadelica;" a collection of tales in Irish with extracts illustrating persons and places. Edited from MSS. and translated by Standish H. O'Grady. Williams & Norgate, London, 1892.

The great book of Irish historical, legendary and heroic tales is out at last. [illegible] found fault with in the matter of its size, for it consists of two large quarto volumes containing all told over a thousand closely printed pages, of which over five hundred are in Irish. The book is plainly bound; it is not an *edition de luxe*, but no one can find any fault whatever with its "get up." The paper and printing are very good; and Mr. O'Grady says in his English preface that he was only a year and a few months completing this enormous work. When it is recollected that every tract in the book had to be transliterated from manuscripts in which it was written in the old Irish contracted characters, some of the manuscripts being nearly a thousand years old, the literary feat that Mr. O'Grady has accomplished in so short a time may well strike one as amazing, especially as Mr. O'Grady must now be well advanced in years, probably over three score and ten.

It is greatly to be regretted that no one knowing anything about Gaelic, and above all, no one anxious to see it get fair play, can utter another word in praise of "Silva Gadelica." Mr. O'Grady may boast because the book was brought out so expeditiously, but every lover of Gaelic cannot but lament that its editor did not spend five years over it instead of one. The book bears traces in almost every page of the haste or carelessness with which it was compiled. In fact it is not what its subscribers were led to believe it would be. It was plainly stated in the circular which Messrs. Williams & Norgate, the publishers, sent round in order to induce people to subscribe to it, that the Irish text would be translated. By such a notice it was, of course, expected that *all* the Irish text would be translated; but all the Irish text is not translated. There is hardly a poem given in Irish of which more than the first line appears in English. This is unfair in the extreme, for in old Irish tracts, the poetic, or rhymed parts, are generally the most important and most interesting. The most interesting and in every way the most important piece in the book is the one called the *Boramha* or Tribute; it is nearly one-third poetry, but not one of those poetic pieces is translated. Mr. O'Grady says he had not time to translate them. This excuse is not only lame but ridiculous. If he was incompetent to translate the poetry, he never should have attempted to translate the prose. The fact is that Messrs. Williams & Norgate, by publishing the book in the imperfect manner in which they have published it, have broken their contract with their subscribers.

Every one who knows anything about old Gaelic, knows that its poetry is much more difficult to understand than its prose; but when one undertakes to translate certain documents, it is perfectly well understood that the poetry they contain is part of the text, and is expected to be translated. The Irish who subscribed for "Silva Gadelica" would much rather have waited five years for it, provided that by waiting they would be furnished with a book that would be a boon to Gaelic and an honor to Ireland. The importance of having the old Gaelic manuscripts properly transliterated will appear to every one. Their transliteration is even more important than their translation, for the contracted form in which most of our old literature is written, deters Gaelic students from trying to decipher it. If I was sure, therefore, that Mr. O'Grady has transliterated correctly that which he has either translated badly or not translated at all, I would forgive him for shirking the translation of the poetry. I am sorry to say, however, that the transliteration seems to have been done with great haste or great carelessness. It is to be hoped that I happened to alight on the only errors of transliteration in the book; but in one of the pages of the "Boramha" or "Tribute," I found three errors in the transcription, that is, if the fac simile of the Book of Leinster is to be relied on. Whatever faults may be in the translations in this book, they are unimportant compared with the faults in the transliteration, for new Gaelic scholars are springing up every year, and faults in translation would soon be discovered; but a word or phrase wrongly transcribed would be a much more serious matter, for the fac similes of any old manuscripts that have been taken, are very dear, very scarce, and very hard to be read except by those who have had years of practice, and are masters of the old form of Gaelic.

It is quite evident that Mr. O'Grady has not much sympathy for those who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of modern Irish, or that he cannot write it; that is, if we are to judge from the extraordinary form of Gaelic he uses in his preface. He ought not to despise modern Gaelic, for more than half the tracts he gives in "Silva Gadelica" are in modern Irish, which form of the language may be said to have commenced in the twelfth or thirteenth century. Here is a sample of Mr. O'Grady's Irish, and I would feel obliged to any one who will give a literal and correct translation of it, for I confess that there are parts of it, the meaning of which I can only guess. Mr. O'Grady's peculiar punctuation is strictly preserved:

Loc aimsir pearsa agus tugaid déanmha do'n leabharsa, an tiodal laidne tra atá ina eadan lonnan brigh sin agus an nias boig an tsoláthair ic gaodhlaib . . . . . Tugaid a dheanma a riachtanas a leasa atá isan am so do lathair re gach neach dá anbfainne do Ghaodlaib do chur le chéile agus feacadh ar a lá mbágha do thabairt go dúthrachtach d'fios an dtiocfadh leo blogh ná bláire éigin d'ealadhain agus d'ollamnacht na sean do thárrtháil feasda gan bádhadh gan buanchailleamain ós anois as dol i ndeidhenaighe do'n lóagus an teanga bhinn mhátharda beag nach tráighte.

The first impulse a reader, and above all, a lover of Gaelic, would find coming on him after trying to read the above production would be to fling the book in which it appeared into the fire. I will not speak of the unpardonable pedantry of using such a style of punctuation in writing Irish for people of the present day; let it pass. But where does Mr. O'Grady get the style of orthography he employs? Not from old Irish certainly, and just as certainly not from new. Why is he not consistent in his use of the letter *h*? He writes "deanmha" in one place and "dleanma" in another. When he aspirates consonants other than *c* and *t*, why does he not aspirate all the others? He should have written either old Irish or new Irish, but he has written neither. He has put together the rudest, most involved, and, tried by the modern standard of grammar and orthography, the most incorrect piece of Gaelic I remember ever to have read. It was, perhaps, right to punctuate the Irish text in the old style, or as it is punctuated in the MSS; but surely in writing the preface, he might have followed the modern method.

To any one who has examined Mr. Whitley Stokes' magnificent rendering of the "Feilire of Aongus," the reading of "Silva Gadelica" will be anything but a pleasing task. Let no one think that an obscure individual like me has any personal feeling in this matter. I never saw either Mr. O'Grady or Mr. Stokes. I only know of the latter gentleman by his great work on the "Feilire of Aongus," and his many other translations from ancient Gaelic, and know that he has given such proofs of Irish scholarship as were never given by Mr. O'Grady. It is therefore to be regretted that Mr. Stokes was not employed on the greatest work of Gaelic literature that has yet been published. In spite of the many faults one is honestly bound to find with the manner in which Mr. O'Grady has brought out this great work, it is to be hoped that what has been said will not deter the Irish people and the learned in general from buying it. It is the only book of its kind extant. None of the Gaelic tracts it contains has ever before been so fully translated. It opens up a new field of Celtic legend and lore. It is a noble monument of the literary activity of our sires.

MAC NA MIDHE.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARGARET HACKETT.

Mrs. Margaret Hackett, mother of Mr. John Foley and Sister of Mr. P. F. Conway, of this city, died at her residence, Washington boulavard and Fortieth street, on Saturday, Jan. 21, after a painful illness. She was born in Killarney, Ireland, fifty-five years ago, and had resided in Chicago for forty years. Her remains were escorted to the Catholic church of her parish by a large concourse of people. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father Smith and assistant priests. The reverend celebrant afterward preached the mortuary sermon and paid high tribute to the exemplary Christian character of the deceased lady, who had been, for years, a member of the church sodality, and was distinguished by her charitable disposition. The remains were laid to rest in Calvary cemetery.

RIGHT REV. DR. DWENGER.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 22.—Right Rev. Joseph Dwenger, Catholic bishop of Fort Wayne, died at 10:30 tonight of organic disease of the heart, aged 56 years. He had been in delicate health for several years and his death has been expected at any moment within the past year. Bishop Joseph Dwenger was born in Auglaize county, Ohio, in 1837. When he was 3 years old his father died and his mother moved to Cincinnati. He received his early education in the schools of the Holy Trinity. When he was 12 his mother died and he was cared for by Rev. Andrew Kunkler, provincial superior of the religious community known as the Precious Blood. With these fathers he completed his collegiate course. In the higher branches he was graduated at Mount St. Mary's, Cincinnati. He was ordained to the priesthood at 22 years by papal dispensation, and was at once appointed professor and director in the seminary of his order, and founded a new seminary at Carthagena, Mercer county, Ohio. In 1866 Father Dwenger accompanied Archbishop Purcell to the second plenary council of Baltimore in the capacity of theologian to the archbishop. During the next six years he was engaged in missionary work in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. In the meantime he was secretary and consultator in the order of the Precious blood. When Bishop Luers died Father Dwenger, at the age of 34, was appointed second bishop of Fort Wayne. He was consecrated by Archbishop Purcell April 14, 1872, and took charge of the diocese of Fort Wayne. In 1874 he went to Europe with the first American pilgrimage of which he was the acknowledged head. Upon his return he erected an orphan asylum at Rensselar, Ind. He greatly improved the school system, building many schools in his diocese. His diocesan school system was adopted by the provincial councils of Cincinnati and Baltimore. In 1883 the bishop revisited Rome and a year later the celebration of his jubilee was a notable one in the Catholic church of the Northwest. At the third national council at Baltimore he was the ninth bishop in America in rank in point of seniority. When he raised the American flag in Rome July 4, 1883, it was one of the grandest events in his remarkable career. He elevated the Stars and Stripes within sight of Jesus Humbert's palace and the quirinal. During his career in Fort Wagne, four large churches have been erected, the Catholic Library hall and St. Vincent's orphan asylum, valued at several hundred thousand dollars. During the bishop's illness the affairs of the diocese have been administered by Vicar General Joseph H. Brammer. Bishop Dwenger was distinguished as a theologian and for his charities. A catafalque for the reception of the remains will be built under the Cathedral, and the funeral [illegible] cently cannot be held for a week or [illegible].

A DOUBLE BEREAVEMENT.

A telegram was recently received by Mrs. Anthony Kelly, of Minneapolis, bringing the sad intelligence of the death of her brother, Colonel Creek Haymond, in San Francisco, Cal., Friday of last week. The death of Col. Haymond, coming as it did but a few hours after the death of Mrs. Harriet Haymond Wilson, wife of J. K. Wilson, and also a sister of Col. Haymond and Mrs. Kelly, which occurred Thursday week, at her home at No. 2513 Third avenue south, this city, is all the more sad. Her funeral was held yesterday. Mrs. Wilson has very many friends in St. Paul who mourn her loss and sympathize with her bereaved relatives. And soon after came the news of the death of her brother in San Francisco. Col. Haymond was a prominent attorney of California, and for years the counsel of the Southern Pacific Railroad and an intimate friend of Senator Stanford, of California. He was chairman of the California delegation to the National Republican Convention at Chicago, in 1888, and attained considerable notoriety by casting the solid vote of California for Blaine repeatedly. Col. Haymond was buried at his old home in Sacramento, Cal.—*Irish Standard.*

MR. M. P. RYAN.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. M. P. Ryan, of Montreal, brother of Mr. Wm. Ryan, of this city. He died suddenly on Sunday morning last of heart disease, while preparing to go to church. His health had for some time been precarious, but the end was most unexpected. He had been collector of customs for Montreal for the past five years. On the death of Thomas D'Arcy McGee Mr. Ryan was elected by acclamation for Montreal Centre. He took an active part in politics in 1882. He was in the 70th year of his age and leaves a widow, sister of the Hon. J. J. Curran; and a second brother, Cornelius Ryan, who resides in the Ottawa valley. —*Catholic Register, Toronto.*

MAJOR MOSES O'BRIEN.

Major Moses O'Brien died recently at the Brighton Hotel, Duluth, of acute Bright's disease, after a long and painful illness. He was conscious to the last, bearing up bravely under his pains, and even to the end encouraging his faithful wife, and keeping from her as long as possible the fact that he must die. Major O'Brien was born at Overton, Bradford county, Pa., in August, 1839. When quite a young man he joined the Confederate army and served throughout the war. While in the service he received a bullet wound in his foot which trobled him more or less during the rest of his life, and was greatly aggravated by his last illness. In 1876 he married at Towanda, Pa., Miss Marion Keller. Before his marriage, however, he moved to St. Paul, in 1872, where he went into the contract business, having built the first railroad between that place and Stillwater. Owing to the failure of the railroad company, Major O'Brien lost considerable money. He afterwards moved to Duluth, where he has lived ever since, and where he has been very fortunate in business. He owned the O'Brien block and other real estate in the city, as well as property near Ely and Tower. He had a host of friends and made many love him for his generous acts, which were always performed without ostentation. It may be truly said that no man in Duluth had more friends or fewer enemies than Major O'Brien. The funeral took place at the pro-Cathedral. Major O'Brien left no children.—*Irish Standard.*

An Enemy Baffled.

There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will baffle it. Mere purgatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated, not by constipation alone, but also by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and eye balls, nausea, furred tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world-famous anti-bilious cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomachic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. As a laxative of the bowels, painless but effectual, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest, and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

T. Shea, Tailor.

126 Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

The enemy were themselves somewhat surprised at the ease with which they had borne me out of the heart of Dublin, at noonday, in chains; and evidently thought they would have but small trouble in crushing any attempts at insurrection afterwards. The Confederates waited until "the time" should come; and some of them, indeed, were fully resolved to make an insurrection in the harvest; yet, as might have been expected, "the time" never came. The individual desperation of Dillon, Meagher, O'Gorman, Leyne, Reilly, could achieve nothing while the people were dispirited both by famine and by long submission to insolent oppression. "When will the time come?" exclaimed Martin, "the time about which your orators so boldly vaunt, amid the fierce shouts of your applause? If it come not when one of you, selected by your enemies as your champion, is sent to perish among thieves and murderers, for the crime of loving and defending his native land,—then it will never come—never!"

Two or three other incidents of my last week on Irish ground will help to fill up the picture of the time. Reilly was arrested on the charge of saying to the members of his club, when turning into their place of meeting, "Left wheel." It was a term of military drilling, though the club-men were without weapons. He was kept in the station-house all night; and bail was refused in the morning. In the course of the day he was fully committed for trial, and bail was taken. During the whole week, the large force of the city police had orders to stop all processions, to arrest citizens, on any or on no charges; and generally to "strike terror." In the meantime, every day was bringing in more terrible news of the devastation of the famine, and evictions of the tenantry. "On Friday," says the Tipperary *Vindicator*, "the landlord appeared upon the ground, attended by the sheriff and a body of policemen, and commenced the process of ejectment," etc. On that morning, and at that spot, thirty persons were dragged out of their houses, and the houses pulled down. One of the evicted tenants was a widow—"a solvent tenant comes and offers to pay the arrears due by the widow; but a desire on Mr. Scully's part to consolidate prevented the arrangement."

The same week a writer in the Cork *Examiner*, writing from Skibbereen, says:

"Our town presents nothing but a moving mass of military and police, conveying to and from the court-house crowds of famine culprits. I attended the court for a few hours this day. The dock was crowded with the prisoners, not one of whom, when called up for trial, was able to support himself in front of the dock. The sentence of the court was received by each prisoner with apparent satisfaction. Even transportation appeared to many to be a relaxation from their sufferings."

"One of the jurors," it is added, "proposed a resolution that the government were the authors of the misery, and hoped his brother jurors would mark their disapprobation of such a government." But his brother jurors would do nothing of the kind; too many of his brother jurors, no doubt, expected some small place about the great government "relief works;" they could not afford to "mark their disapprobation."

On Tuesday of the same week,—it being then well known that the crown would pack their jury,—a meeting of the citizens of Dublin was held at the Royal Exchange to protest, and Mr. John O'Connell went so far as to move this resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we consider the right of trial by a jury as a most sacred inheritance—in the security of person, property and character."

The meeting then proceeded to protest against "the practice of arranging juries to obtain convictions." During the same week the poor-houses, hospitals, jails, and many buildings, taken temporarily for the purpose, were overflowing with starving wretches; and fevered patients were occupying the same bed with famished corpses; but on every day of the same week large cargoes of grain and cattle were leaving every port for England. The Orangemen of the North were holding meetings to avow hostility to Repealers and to "Jezebel," and eagerly crying, "To hell with the Pope!" Thus British policy was in full and successful operation at every point, on the day when I left my country in the fetters of the enemy.

Henceforth, I know nothing of Irish affairs from personal observation, and must content myself with epitomizing the rest of the dreary story from other authorities.

CHAPTER XXII.

The whole British press, which never strikes so viciously at an enemy as when he is down and in chains, sent after me on my dark voyage one continuous shriek of execration and triumph that came to my ear even in my Bermuda prison. The "government" was to have no trouble, as they fondly flattered themselves, thenceforth. Ireland, once cleared of me, was to be manageable. There was to be no more jury-packing if possible, and conciliatory government was to commence with habeas corpus, trial by jury, and other *palladia* of the British constitution.

But the enemy was somewhat too sanguine. The profound passion of wrath and shame, kindled throughout Ireland by the incidents of my pretended trial, could not sink down and allay itself so speedily as the ameliorative enemy hoped. At the next meeting of the Confederation, Meagher, in a most noble and intensely passionate speech which I have already cited, said:

"We are no longer masters of our own lives. They belong to our country—to liberty—to vengeance! Upon the walls of Newgate a fettered hand has inscribed this destiny. We shall be the martyrs or the rulers of a revolution. . . . Once again they shall have to pack their jury-box; once again exhibit to the world the frauds and mockeries, the tricks and perjuries, upon which their power is based."

Once again! Yes, indeed, and more than once, they were to pack their jury. True, they felt reluctant to do it; but the alternative was,—to pack juries, or give up Ireland. This, indeed, had become too apparent. The open and audacious proceedings which had taken place on my trial made it clear that the enemy would, without scruple, "exhibit to the world frauds and mockeries, tricks and perjuries"—but that they could not bear to think of exhibiting to the world the spectacle of Ireland wrested out of the clutches of England.

The fierce enthusiasm of our confederates was redoubled after my removal. They hoped, at least, that if they were restrained from action then, it was to some good end, with some sure and well-defined purpose, and there were many thousands of men then in Ireland, who longed and burned, for that end and that purpose, to earn an honorable death. How the British system disappointed them even of an honorable death, remains still to be told. A man can die in Ireland of hunger, or of famine-typhus, or of a broken heart, or of delirium tremens; but to die for our country,—the death *dulce et decorum*,—to die on a fair field, fighting for freedom and honor,—to die the death even of a defeated soldier, as Hofer died; or so much as to mount the gallows like Robert Emmet, to pay the penalty of a glorious "treason,"—even this was an *euthanasia* which British policy could no longer afford to an Irish Nationalist.

Yet with all odds against them,—with the Irish gentry thoroughly corrupted or frightened out of their senses, and with the "government" enemy obviously bent on treating our national aspiration as an ignominious crime, worthy to be ranked only with the offenses of burglars and pickpockets,—still there were men resolved to dare the worst and uttermost for but one chance of rousing that downtrodden people to one manful effort of resistance against so base and cruel a tyranny. The Irish Confederation re-constituted its council, and set itself more diligently than ever to the task of inducing the people to procure arms, with a view to a final struggle in the harvest. And as it was clear that there was nothing the enemy dreaded so much as a bold and honest newspaper which would expose their plots of slaughter and turn their liberal professions inside out, it was before all things necessary to establish a newspaper to take the place of the *United Irishman*.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father Sullivan, pastor of St. Edward's church, Philadelphia, visited his brother at No. 163 Cass street, last week.

Dr. M. E. McGrath, county physician, was presented on Thursday evening of last week by the Bricklayers' Union with a magnificent medal, studded with diamonds. For three years Dr. McGrath had been the physician of the order and the members took the occasion of his retirement to present him with a testimonial to indicate the esteem in which they held him. The presentation address was delivered by Andrew Ward.

HYMENEAL.

ATKINSON M'MULLEN.

Mr. William Donnelly Atkinson, of Detroit, Mich., and Miss Alice McMullen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McMullen, of this city, were united in marriage at St. Patrick's church last Monday. Mr. Atkinson is prominent in the social and business circles of Detroit, and his bride is a general favorite in Chicago, and the best wishes of thousands of friends accompany her to her Michigan home. The young couple will receive their friends at No. 152 Handcock avenue, East, Detroit, on Thursdays, Feb. 2 and 9.

AN UNIQUE WEDDING.

St. Ann's Catholic church, Garfield boulevard and Wentworth avenue, was the scene on Tuesday evening of the wedding of Mr. James J. Shields and Miss Josie Whelan. The interesting part of the affair lies, says the *Tribune*, in the fact that the Rev. Father F. L. Reynolds, pastor of the church, performed the ceremony without an audible word from either himself or the bride and groom. The contracting parties were both deaf and dumb, and the marriage vows were said in the finger alphabet. Father Reynolds had to study it for some days before he became sufficiently proficient in its mysteries to be able to perform the ceremony. Notwithstanding the early hour the church was well filled with friends of the bride and groom, the majority of whom witnessed a service the like of which they will probably never see again. Father Reynolds also celebrated the high mass. The groom is 26 years old, was born in Flint, Mich., and is well educated. The bride is 24 years old and also possesses a good education.

MR. LABOUCHERE AND HOME RULE.

Mr. Labouchere in *Truth* says: "I trust that the anticipations in the 'speaker' as to the lines of the new Home Rule bill are not correct, for a bill such as is prognosticated by my contemporary would unite a maximum of bad with a minimum of good. This is the prophecy: The bill is to create a probationary period of ten years, during which time the Irish parliament is to have full power over certain local matters, but no power over others. Among the others are the land and the constabulary, and as a *quid pro quo* the Irish members are to continue to sit and vote in their present numbers in the house of commons. At the end of the probationary period they are to have full powers over the reserved matters, and the number of Irish members sitting at Westminster is to be reduced. There are two objections to this:

First, during these ten years the Irish will be pretty certain to hold the balance at Westminster in regard to British local affairs, and at the end of this period it is very possible that they will still often do so, although they neither inhabit Great Britain or represent those who do inhabit it. As it is, they know as little of our local matters as we know of their local matters. When they have a parliament that will occupy their thoughts and energies they will know still less, for their time will fully be employed in considering their own affairs. To make them the future arbiters of ours would be as outrageous as to place the arbitratment in the hands of a delegation of Greenlanders. When there were only three Home Rulers in the imperial parliament I was one of them. I did not find salvation at the bidding of any man. As a Home Ruler, therefore, the honesty of my faith cannot be called in question. But I am not so silly as to attempt to force square pegs into round holes! I always understand Irish Home Rule as a step to English, Scotch and Welsh Home Rule with an imperial parliament after the pattern of the American congress. In the meantime I am not disposed, and I never was disposed, to convert Irish rights into British wrongs, or to place my constituents or the electors in any other British constituency under the hoof of Ireland. Temporary exclusion of Irish members from Westminster, if no scheme can be devised to separate imperial from British local issues, has always seemed to me to be a corollary of Irish Home Rule.

"Secondly, while Home Rule will benefit Ireland, its advantage to Great Britain is that it will leave us free to devote ourselves to the solution of many pressing domestic reforms. But in order to secure to us this advantage any settlement of the great issue between the two islands must have the element of finality. What would happen at Westminster during the probationary period? We should pass our time discussing land and police, and police and land almost to the exclusion of everything else, for land and police have been at the bottom of most of the Irish debates which have during the last twelve years stood in the way of British reforms—on the one hand, those opposed to Home Rule would not accept the ultimate full Home Rule, and would seek to show that even qualified Home Rule was a failure; on the other hand the Irish members would not consent to put off all legislation on the matters temporarily reserved, and even if they were ready to do this the logic of events would render it impossible for them to carry out their intention.

"The plan is the application of the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory to politics. Great Britain and Ireland are now in Hades. They are to be transferred to Purgatory with the possible prospect of their being one day promoted to Heaven. Under such conditions the experiment of Home Rule will and must fail. We shall have the imperial parliament with real power, and the Irish parliament with the appearance of power. The bill may contain a proviso that in ten years the Irish have real Home Rule. After passing ten years eating locusts in the desert there is not the slightest certainty that this will secure to Irishmen the promised land.

"Assuming that the scheme of the 'Speaker' is that which will be submitted to parliament as an alternative to exclusion, I can only suppose that it is to be put forward as an argument *ad hominem* against retention, and assuredly never was a more cogent one—Mr. Gladstone proves how right he was in insisting on exclusion by submitting to the house of commons as the only alternative an impossible scheme of retention. And there are men who say the old parliamentary hand has lost its cunning. Never! No, never could there be a more convincing proof that he knows how to give effect to what he deems right in despite of opposition within and without his cabinet."

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, roundhouse and machine shops employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have some of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $40 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

"What of Lord Caulfield?—did he accompany you?" inquired Philip O'Reilly; and great was his surprise and horror when he learned the melancholy fate of the distinguished prisoner. He then led the way into the castle. On passing through the large hall, Edmund remarked a number of persons, both males and females, whose dress, accent, and features denoted them to be some of the Scotch and English settlers of Ulster. He afterwards learned that they were here for protection.

Colonel Philip led the way to a large and comfortable apartment, furnished after the manner of the times, and that tastily and well. The floor was covered with a thick matting, and the walls with oaken wainscot of a high polish, hung with the usual decorations of arms and armor. A large turf fire was burning in the old-fashioned fireplace, as only an Irish turf fire can burn; and on the high mantel-piece were carved the armorial bearings of the clan Reilly—two lions supporting a right hand; the crest, an oak tree on a mount, with a serpent descending; and the motto, "Fortitudine et prudentia."

As Edmund followed the two kinsmen O'Reillys into this room, he heard the delicious harmony of female voices, mingled with the musical tinkling of a harp, and on entering he saw that the apartment was occupied by several ladies and young children. As the trio entered, the song and the music ceased, and most of the ladies rose to their feet. Very stately and beautiful some of them were.

With an exclamation of joyous surprise, one lovely, dark-eyed woman sprang towards the Slasher, and the latter promptly enfolded her in his huge arms, clasping her tenderly to his great breast.

"Acushla machree, my own sweet Kathleen!" he said, in genuine joy;—"and is it indeed yourself? Holy Saint Patrick, be thanked, but I'm the happy man to find you here! I thought you were at home at Lismore, or Lough Finvoy."

For Miles had residences at Lismore or Crossdoney in Cavan, and on the island of Clogh-inis-Turk in Lough Finvoy, county Leitrim, in the neighborhood of which latter place the peasantry still preserve wondrous stories of his exploits.

"'Twas I that requested your wife to come here, Miles," explained his kinsman, "in order that she and your children might be secure from all danger in these troublous times. Here in Cloughoughter they shall be secure from all danger, let the storm of war sweep the surrounding country as it will; for the western district is in a state of great disturbance. Some of the chief Undertakers—notably the merciless Hamilton of Manorhamilton—have shut themselves up in their strongholds, to issue forth at night like wild beasts in quest of prey—and then the beacons of alarm are seen glimmering on many a hill."

"And the children?" inquired the Slasher;—"my boys and girls, where are they? Ah! here they are—my own brave Shane, my pretty Rose, *ma colleen dhas* Honora. *M'anam go'n Dhia!* but you're all right glad to see this old father of yours again."

He kissed and caressed several fine children, who had broken from the clutches of their nurse, a fat old dame, who wore the spiral *fileadh* or head-dress of snow-white linen, and who sat complacently looking on.

"Look at them, avic," cried the happy father, turning triumphantly to those present, with a Slasher in embryo perched on one of his colossal shoulders and a little girl sitting in the hollow of his arm; "look at them;—saw you ever such pretty birdlings as mine?"

But turning and perceiving the bantierna, or lady of his kinsman, standing before him, he at once set down his offspring and took her extended hand, saying:

"I crave your pardon, kinswoman mine, for not saluting you ere this—forgive my neglect, I pray you. Heaven be praised for it, but you look well! May those red roses on your cheeks never wither!"

Rose O'Neill, a scion of the princely house of Tirowen, niece of the "great Hugh," sister of the glorious Owen Roe, and wife of Philip O'Reilly, was truly a magnificent woman—tall, well-shaped, and beautiful. She was richly dressed, as befitted the wife of the Prince of Breffny. Gems glittered in her coiled hair, and a chain of gold hung about her white neck. As she extended her hand to the Slasher, and afterwards to our hero, the folds of costly lace falling back disclosed a jewelled arm of exquisite roundness.

"Right welcome to Cloughoughter," said the fair bantierna, and the mellifluous Celtic sounded on her tongue sweet as a chime of silver bells. For the native Irish of the period always conversed among themselves in their own sweet and easy-flowing language, the fine old *bearla feine* that had been spoken on the green hills and plains of Eire for more than two thousand years, the tongue of saint and king, bard and ollamh. They only used the unmusical Sassenach in case of dire necessity, such as in conversing with an Englishman—that is, those who could speak it, and they were, comparatively speaking, very few indeed.

Edmund politely thanked his hostess, and took the seat which his courteous host proffered him. The kinsmen O'Reillys also seated themselves, and the conversation turned on the exciting topics of the hour.

"Well, husband mine, what of my dear father?" inquired Miles' lady, whose father's name was also O'Reilly.

"Have no fear, alanna," was the reply; —"my father-in-law Cathal is well, and his regiment of foot is doing good work for the old country; a few weeks' time shall see him back in his native Leitrim!"

"And my son Hugh Roe?" queried the bantierna of the castle.

"Is a brave, noble boy, worthy of his father and mother. I saw him wield his sabre at the last sally from Drogheda like a true O'Reilly with the blood of an O'Neill in him—as I live, Philip, a brave boy. But how go things hereabout?"

"Gloriously, my good kinsman, gloriously!" answered Philip; "I have just succeeded in raising a brigade of 1200 men, and my commission as lieutenant-general lies in yonder chest."

"A blessing on you and yours; I knew you would not fail us. Twelve hundred, do you say, and your own stout heart to lead them? *Dhar ma lamh*, that arm of yours, that struck so well at Louvain, will do better now for Innisfail. You will get a fine opportunity to display your talent as a general."

"Aye," said Philip laughingly, "and I'll get a companion to this into the bargain," and he pointed to a scar which traversed his left temple, the gift of a French *sabreur*.

"When such gifts are going one can scarcely refuse one now and then," remarked Miles; "but, with the help of our holy patron, Saint Felimid, you will remain unharmed. However," he added, with a lurking smile, "here is a young friend of mine who has tasted cold steel already, short as has been his campaign."

"A mere scratch, I assure you," said our hero, his modesty deeply wounded at the mention of his scar in the presence of such warriors as the two kinsmen.

"No matter, avic; you can carry it home to Dromahaire as an earnest of your military experience. Ha, ha, ha!" The Slasher gave vent to a hearty ringing laugh, which made all the occupants of the room smile—all except our hero, who reddened deeply.

"Miles, Miles, you rogue," said that individual's handsome spouse, "you are annoying the young man."

"Don't fret, Kathleen achorra," said the Slasher; "Emon Ui-Treasaigh won't begrudge Miles O'Reilly his joke. Your hand, avic; I meant no harm. And here, help me to a stoup of usquebaugh. 'Twill drive the cold of our journey out of our bones.

The genial Colossus filled two goblets of the famous Irish beverage, and presented one to our hero, saying:

"Drink it up;—there's nothing like it when the blood is cold. And now you shall tell us the whole story of the Dublin disappointment and the treachery of that dog—you know you promised to tell it to me during our converse on the road."

Edmund readily acquiesced to this proposal, and his tale found an eager and interested audience. When it was finished, Miles inquired of Philip's lady as to her brother, Owen Roe, and on receiving the encouraging news that he would probably arrive in Ireland in summer, he slapped our hero on the back, saying:

"And there, my boy, O'Connolly's treachery will not be worth a *thraneen* to the Sassenach, and your wound will be avenged, more betoken."

"Let the young man's wound alone, Miles," said the bantierna, with a smile; "you had a certain scar yourself once upon a time."

"*Tha thu earth go leor*" (you are right enough), put in Miles' wife;—"you remember that wound, husband?"

"Ay, do I; though I hoped, you wicked girleen, you'd forgotten all about it. Well, did I not receive it in fair, open fight for your hand, from Red Manus MacGowan? and laugh as you may, I got the better of Manus in the end. Why, if I didn't bear more than that for you, *ma collcen dhas*, I should be only a *megonna* O'Reilly!"

For the sake of the unread, it may be remarked that the epithet *magonna* was one of disgrace applied to a branch of the O'Reillys which renounced their faith in Elizabeth's time, in order to retain possession of their lands; and though they afterwards returned to the Catholic church, the term of reproach continued to cling so closely to them that it required a special decree of the Primate of Ireland (the martyred Plunket) to prevent its further use.

"You should, indeed," said the bantierna; "you should deserve to be called a regular Maelmora *Breagh*."

"Maelmora the Handsome—Maelmora the Traitor," exclaimed the Slasher; and, crossing the room, he took a slender rapier from its place on the wall.

"Have you ever heard, avic," he said, addressing O'Tracy, "of the false O'Reilly who turned against kith and kin, creed and country, and joined the army of the Saxon calliagh? Here is his sword, taken from his death-grasp at the Yellow Ford, when the great Hugh, this lady's uncle, defeated Harry Bagnal and his army. See, 'tis but a whittle compared to this alchion of mine, and yet Maelmora could use it—and well!"

Here Miles' younger son, a chubby, red-cheeked urchin, seized the weapon, and was making off with the novel plaything when his father arrested him.

"Ah, ah, you little Trojan, you young Finn MacCumhal. Do you want to kill somebody? By the beard of Cuchullin, but 'tis right naturally you take to the sword, you mite of a warrior! Never mind, you will be a fine, big soldier yet, avourneen, and fight for the old country."

Disarming his heir, Miles restored the weapon to its place.

Those words of his came true. The little Shane, or John, became in his own day one of the best adherents of the worthless James, and defeated the Williamite Colonel Wolseley, of Belturbet, in two engagements.

"Why is the clairseach silent?" inquired Philip O'Reilly, pointing to a harp that stood idly in the corner; "come ladies, let us hear some of the good old songs."

"Lasarina, a little song, achorra," said the bantierna, patting the cheek of a young girl who had sat in pensive silence all through the conversation.

The maiden arose, and seated herself at the harp. Her name (*Lasar-fhiona*, signifying the wine-red countenance) belied her, for she was very pale indeed, but very lovely. A mass of golden hair streamed over her back and shoulders, and her closely-fitting white dress, relieved only by a ribbon, suspending a small gold cross on her bosom, showed her lithe, girlish form to advantage. But an unnatural light burned in her eyes, and a livid crimson spot on each cheek told its own sad story.

"Is not this imprudent?" whispered Philip to his wife.

"Let us hope not. It will, at least, distract her," said the latter.

The fair maiden struck the chords with her thin and wasted fingers, and commenced to sing. The gist of the song was a common one enough; but the wonderful voice of the singer interpreted its tender pathos of anxiety and disappointed love in such a weird and thrilling manner that the listeners were spellbound. The verses (translated) ran as follows:

"Oh, sweet is the song of the lark in the morn,
And sweet is the scent of the blossoming thorn,
And sweet is the greenwood at red set of sun;
But sweeter than all was *ma bouchaleen donn.**

"At Beltinne we parted with hearts full of woe,
Across the white billows my darling should go—
When riches and honor his bright sword had won,
He vowed he would wed me, *ma bouchaleen donn!*

"But, ah! when the brown-wooded Samhain was past,
And o'er each white hill swept the fierce wintry blast,
I heard how my brave soldier's career was run—
How he slept in a far grave, *ma bouchaleen doun!*

"I sighed all the day, and I moaned all the night,
My cheeks lost their roses, my eyes lost their light—
Oh, as ceases the rain at the smile of the sun,
Should my tears at one smile from *ma bouchaleen donn!*

"My father is angry, my mother amazed;
Mavrone! sighs each young maid, and thinks I am crazed;
But men's words I'll heed not, men's faces I'll shun—
I'm true to my dead love, *ma bouchaleen donn!*"

"Poor colleen, poor colleen!" murmured Miles the Slasher, as the song finished; "as sure as there are salmon in the Erne, the summer's sun you'll never see!"

At this moment a door opened, and two ecclesiastics entered the room. One was a priest of middle age, the other, and the more remarkable of the twain, was a venerable-looking man of sixty years, on whose bosom sparkled a pectoral-cross. This was the renowned Primate of Ireland, Hugh O'Reilly, now resident in the castle of his kinsman.

"Bless you, my dear children; may heaven bless you all!" he said, making the sign of the cross, as the company knelt to receive his benediction.

"Father Farrilly tells me, my son," said he, addressing Philip O'Reilly, "that the good Dr. Bedell is dead."

"I grieve to say, my lord, that it is too true. Nothing remains with us but to give his remains the honorable interment they so well deserve."

"I am truly sorry to hear it. There is a good, kind, and learned gentleman gone from amidst us."

Soon afterwards the party dispersed for the night, each to his or her own apartment. As our hero was following the servitor who conducted him to his chamber, a white hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning he saw gazing into his own the bright eyes of the fair songstress.

"You are going to Dromahaire," she said, "and you must know Con O'Rourke?"

"The brother of my foster-father, and one of my dearest friends."

"Heaven be praised! Then you will tell him that I, his betrothed wife, am dying—that I send my love—that I think it cruel, cruel, that he comes not to see me—and that if he come not ere the new moon he will never see Lasarina Cruise alive. Will you do this for me?"

"Willingly and faithfully."

"*Ccad mile failte.* And here," she said, taking the cross and ribbon from about her neck, "I send him this as a memorial of my constancy. Tell him to wear it for my sake."

He looked with emotion mingled with pity on the little love token in his hand. When he raised his eyes he saw the white form of the maiden flitting away like a spectre through the dark corridor. Often and often afterwards he remembered with an aching heart the mission of affection of which he was now the bearer.

Next day Edmund was invited to attend the funeral of the gentle, learned, and well-beloved William Bedell, Protestant Bishop of Kilmore, whose amiability and toleration had, at the beginning of the insurrection, manifested themselves in the drawing up by him of a remonstrance for the Catholic gentry and people of Cavan, setting forth that "for the preventing of such evils growing upon us in this kingdom we have, for the preservation of his majesty's honor and our own liberties, thought fit to take into our own hands, for his highness' use and service, such forts and places of strength as, coming into the possession of others, might prove disadvantageous, and tend to the utter undoing of the kingdom." In this manner the worthy man had set forth the views of those who were now mourning him sincerely.

The house in which Dr. Bedell's body lay was that of Denis Sheridan, the representative of a family of scholars—he was great grandfather, it may be fit to remark *en passant*, of the celebrated Richard Brinsley—and some companies of Irish horse and foot were drawn up before the door. These, with muffled drums and trailed arms, escorted the remains to the adjacent graveyard. On arriving there, Philip O'Reilly requested the bishop's chaplain, the Rev. Alexander Clogy, to read the burial service of the Protestant church over the grave. The leaves of the prayer-book of James the First rustled in the wind as the minister, amid respectful silence, read the service. Then, ere the first shovelful of clay rattled on the coffin lid, two files of musketeers took up their position beside the grave, and discharged three volleys in the air.

"*Hic requiescat ultimus Anglorum!*" (may the last of the English rest in peace), exclaimed the native Irish who witnessed the interment.

"*O sit anema mea cum Bedello!*" cried a Catholic priest, Father Edmund Farrilly, in words that have since become proverbial of Irish religious toleration.

A few hours later Edmund O'Tracy, after accepting clasp from the hands of the kinsmen, O'Reillys, and a parting glance at the tower of Cloughoughter, rode westward through Cavan, accompanied by a single guide, on his way to his home in Leitrim.

* Anglicé—My little brown boy.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Ni raibh sé dá mhóimid 'nna sheasamh air chiúmhas na coille, agus ag dearcadh anonn air an gcaisleán, nuair chualaidh sé streachailt an gheata práis 'gá fhosgailt, agus tharraing sé air ais aunsa' gcoill ameasg ná gcrann aris, i riocht nach bhfeicfidhe é.

Chonnaire sé ann sin an fathach budh mhó agus budh áirde d'á bhfaca súil duine ariamh ag teacht amach go mall, agus ag druidim an gheata go cúramach 'nna dhiaigh. Tháinig allus fuar faitchis air eudan Ghoillis agus luidh sé síos go socair ciúin annsan bhfeur, air eagla go dtiubhradh an fathach faoi dhearadh é. Acht bhí an t-ágh air, mar ní dheachaidh an fathach asteach annsan g-coill an taobh do bhí Goillis, acht an taobh eile. Chomh luath agus bhí sé imthighthe as a radharc tháinig Goillis amach, agus dhruid sé anonn chum an chaisleáin, agus nuair tháinig sé faoi an mballa, chualaidh sé gotha daoine ag caoineadh agus ag ceasacht ann, agus shaoil sé gur chualaidh sé guth a bhain-tighearna féin 'nna measg.

Sheas sé faoi an tor do b'áirde, agus ghabh sé go milis, mar bhí guth maith aige, abhrán beag do thaithnigh le h-inghin an Righ nuair bhí sí i dteach an t-sagairt, mar dubhairt sí gurb' é an port mac-samhail puirt do sheinneadh sí féin nuair bhidheadh sí annsa bh-Fraínc. Do ghabh Goillis:

"Chuir me mo philidh chait
Suas go Beultráigh,"

agus d'fhreagair guth na muá ualsle é as an bh-fuinneoig amach,

"Agus mharbh sé caora
Air fhear annsan áit."

Agus an móimid 'nna dhiaigh sin chuir sí a ceann féin amach as an bhfuinneoig agus chogair sí go ciúin, "Thug an fathach asteach ann so mé, agus nior thug sé dadamh le n-ithe dham ó chuir sé ann so faoi ghlas me," agus chogair Goillis air aís chuici, "dá mbéidheadh rópa agad d'fheudfá teacht anuas, tá 'n fuinneog leathan go leor," acht suld 'fheud sé aon fhocal eile ridh ghlaodh sí amach go bhfaca sí an fathach teacht air ais ameasg ná gcrann, agus gurb' eigin do Ghoillis imtheacht. Thiontaigh sé agus rith sé air ais do'n choill, agus go direach mar bhí sé i bhfolach, tháinig an fathach amach air an taoibh eile, agus d'fhosgail sé an geata práis le h-eochair mhóir laraínn agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus dhruid sé an geata go cúramach 'na dhiaigh aris. Agus chuir an geata osna as agus o 'gá dhruidim. D'fhan Goillis tamall fada, ag fanamhaint no go dtiucfadh sé amach aris, agus nuair nár chorruigh an fathach, shaoil sé dá dtiucfadh leis rópa dheunamh de chairt na gcrann, go dtiucfadh leis an mnaoi bhoicht teacht anuas lo na chongnamh. An móimid a tháinig an smuainceadh sin ann a cheann, thosaigh sé ag oibriugh-adh, agus chuaidh sé do'n chrann do b'fhoigse dhó, agus bhain sé sliosóg fhada de'n chairt de agus bhi an chairt sin roighin agus láidir. Chas sé agus dhúball sé í, agus rinne sé srang tiugh dhí, agus chroch sé air gheugán crainn í, agus nuair fuair sé gur iomchair sí a throime féin, bhí luthgáire mhór air.

[LE SHEITH LEANTA.]

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $8.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $8.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $36.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of liquid tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be guaranteed for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, in a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

It won't do to experiment with Catarrh. There's the constant danger of driving it to the lungs. You can have a perfect and permanent *cure* with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

WRINKLES, and hollow cheeks, and dull, sunken eyes, don't always mean that a woman's old. Half the time, they only show that she's overworked or suffering. To such women, to every woman who is tired or afflicted, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription safely and certainly brings back health and strength. It's a legitimate medicine that corrects and cures; a tonic that invigorates and builds up; a nervine that soothes and strengthens. For all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

JUSTICE LAMAR DEAD.

Called Very Suddenly by the Grim Destroyer.

MACON THE SCENE OF HIS DEMISE.

He Had Been Ill for Some Time but Lately He Seemed To Be Gaining in Strength and His Death Was Entirely Unexpected—A History of His Career as a Lawyer, Statesman and Soldier—Absentminded and Eccentric.

MACON, Ga., Jan. 24.—Justice L. Q. C. Lamar of the United States supreme court died Monday night at ten minutes before 9 o'clock. He was stopping at the home of W. H. Virgin, his relative, and late Monday afternoon took his overcoat and started out for a walk. He had scarcely left the house when he was met by a friend and returned to Mr. Virgin's house, where he talked cheerfully for quite a time with his friends. Justice Lamar dined at 6:50 with the family and seemed to have a good appetite and to be in a cheerful mood. His friend, Dr. Llewellyn, whom he had met, left the house at 7:40 o'clock. A short time after this the justice was seized with violent pains and died in a few minutes. Justice Lamar came to Macon about a month ago from Washington, where he was suffering from an illness, and his death was looked for almost momentarily.

JUSTICE LAMAR.

Direct Cause of Death.

Since his arrival here he seemed to be gaining in strength and his health seemed much improved. His death was altogether unexpected in view of the fact that friends who had seen him and knew his condition thought he was on the sure road to recovery and would in a few weeks be able to resume his duties on the supreme bench. Bright's disease, with anina pectoris, was the direct cause of Judge Lamar's death, and is given by the physicians as being the chief complication in the case. The attack was severe while it lasted, and the physician, Dr. A. H. Parker, who had been in attendance, arrived only a few minutes before death. At this time Justice Lamar was unconscious and beyond medical aid. Restoratives were at once administered but were entirely without avail. He died with his head on Mr. Virgin's hands and apparently without pain, the spasm having passed off at that time.

JUSTICE LAMAR'S HISTORY.

His Public Career Proved Him a Man of Magnificent Surprises.

With the passing away of Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar contemporaneous political history loses one of its most unique figures. Mr. Lamar was noted in Washington, where the best years of his life were spent, for his absentmindedness and eccentricities, no less for his genial nature and charming manners. Every trait of his character was inherited. His father, for whom the dead associate justice was named, had his unusual cognomen selected for him by an eccentric brother of his mother, who insisted upon naming her children after his favorite historical heroes.

Like Justice Lamar's personality, his public career was remarkable. He comes of one of the oldest families in Georgia. He was born in Putnam county in 1825, and was taken to Oxford, Miss., where his education may be said to have begun. After acquiring all that was to be learned in the Oxford schools young Lamar was sent to Emory college in Georgia. He graduated in 1845, at once commenced the study of law in Macon, Ga., and was admitted to the bar two years later.

Professor of Mathematics.

The practice of law in a small town and the attendant struggles for the "root of all evil" seemed to fail to satisfy the young attorney, whose inclinations were all toward study, and whose keen analytical sense was only wasted on the trifling cases which are usually intrusted to a beginner. Mr. Lamar, after two years of work, which was eminently unsatisfactory and uncongenial to himself, accepted a position as adjunct professor of mathematics in the University of Mississippi.

Cold, dry figures were no more to his liking that petty legal cases, and after a year at the university his reputation as an analytical adviser and eloquent advocate having preceded him, Mr. Lamar removed to Covington, Ga., and resumed the practice of the law. Important cases were given him, and his fame spreading rapidly in his adopted county the people in 1853 elected him to represent them in the state legislature. This may be said to have been the beginning of Mr. Lamar's public career, and it came dangerously near being the end, for small politics was not to his liking either, and he gave it up in disgust and in 1854 moved back to Mississippi, locating on a plantation which he owned in Lafayette. Here Mr. Lamar had his first opportunity since attaining manhood to pursue to the full his studies in intricate legal literature.

In the Confederate Army.

The citizens of Mississippi were unwilling to permit their brilliant young advocate to waste his ability on a plantation, and in 1856 he was elected to congress as a Democrat. He served from 1857 to 1860. Things had reached such a pass that every public officer had to decide between the Union and the Confederacy. Mr. Lamar, therefore, resigned his seat in congress to become a member of the Mississippi secession convention, in which body he played an important part. When hostilities began Mr. Lamar accepted a commission as lieutenant colonel of the Nineteenth Mississipi regiment. He was afterward promoted to the colonelcy, and up to the day of his death the people of his home town, Oxford, almost always referred to him as Colonel Lamar and seldom as senator or judge.

When the war closed he went back to the University of Mississippi, where he became professor of political economy and social science in 1866, and was given the chair of law a year later. He then once more resumed his practice at the bar, which he continued until he was elected to congress in 1872. He was re-elected in 1874 and in 1876 was chosen by the legislature as one of the representatives of his adopted state in the United States senate. He remained in the senate until March 4, 1885, when he accepted the portfolio of secretary of the interior tendered him by President Cleveland.

Appointed to the Supreme Bench.

On Dec. 6, 1887, Mr. Cleveland sent to the senate the name of L. Q. C. Lamar to be associate justice of the United States supreme court, vice Justice Woods deceased. After some delay the nomination was confirmed, and in the latter part of January, 1888, he entered upon the discharge of his new duties. With all his absentmindedness and love of hobbies the associate justice was a man of remarkably good judgment, and his ability to quickly read the character of a new acquaintance was almost marvelous. Secretary Vilas once said of him:

"Lamar is a man of magnificent surprises. I did not know him until we met in the cabinet, and during the past two years I have been very intimate with him. I think I never met any man whose intellect has grown upon me so overwhelmingly as has Lamar. At times he has consulted with me about matters of public policy which only the decision of a question of law could settle. Once he had a most important decision to make. He had not written it, for I believe he does not write his decisions until the last minute, but he had the whole matter revolving in his mind. He began at the beginning and stated the facts. Such a faculty of clear, limpid statement is seldom met. I think in my time no man I have known had possessed it so well as Mr. Lamar unless it was the late Matt Carpenter of Wisconsin.

Was Simply Wonderful.

"Then he began to unfold the principles of law which he thought applicable. As his mind rolled on from position to position it was with a ponderous, majestic yet ever delicate and sensitive movement that was simply wonderful. I said to myself, this man may not be able to quote the exact section of the law or the particular page of the reported decision, but he has a mind thoroughly imbued with legal principles and magnificently disciplied. Without making invidious comparisons it is my judgment that Mr. Lamar will add strength and adornment to the supreme bench. I believe he possesses some qualifications that the bench needs, and as the years go on the wisdom of his appointment will establish itself far above the reach of criticism."

Justice Lamar was twice married. His first wife was a cousin of Longsteet, the famous Confederate general. She died early in January, 1885, leaving one son and three daughters, one of whom, Miss Jennie, made her debut in 1886 and soon became a great social favorite at the national capital. Two years after the death of his first wife Mr. Lamar married Mrs. William S. Holt, the widow of a well known Georgia judge. The ceremony was performed in Macon, Ga., Jan. 5, 1887. Mrs. Holt had a fine mansion and was quelt wealthy.

LIVED HIGH AND RECKLESS.

J. K. Stevens, a Well-Known Man of Saginaw, Mich., Skips Out.

SAGINAW, Jan. 24.—This city has been considerably stirred up over the absence of J. K. Stevens, owner of the abstracts of titles for this county. He left suddenly Saturday, after turning over to his son his abstract books, which are worth $20,000. It then was noised about that he was hard pressed for money. Inasmuch as he had been transacting a large amount of business for other persons, rumors were fast and thick.

What His Friends Say.

An attachment was issued Monday in favor of Wells, Stone & Co. for $850 and placed against his property, but this is said to be nothing in comparison to his indebtedness. The whole is placed at from $20,000 to $50,000. Stevens' friends claim he will return after a time and if he can dispose of all his property meet every obligation. His absence is said to be due to threats of certain men who had business in his real estate exchange that he would not be given time to settle his indebtedness. Stevens has been a high liver and his financial downfall is due to a reckless mode of life.

Another Phenomenal Negro.

LITTLE ROCK, Jan. 24.—A little negro boy, 5 or 6 years old, has wrought up the negroes in this vicinity by giving nightly exhibitions of his knowledge. He reads books of all languages and reads them correctly. He can turn to any designated chapter or verse of the Bible and read it as readily as any practiced divine. He says Jesus Christ taught him to read, and when asked who Jesus Christ is says he is the son of God. But he says he doesn't know who God is. He is a phenomenal wonder of astonishing magnitude. The house is packed nightly by both whites and blacks eager to witness the child's ability.

Close Call for a Horror.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Jan. 24.—The passenger train on the Lake Erie and Western road, due here at 5 o'clock, left the track at Three-Mile Switch Monday evening. Although the smoking car, containing about twenty persons, was turned on its side no one was severely hurt. The engine and all cars jumped the track. Those in the smoking car crawled out of the windows. The baggage car was thrown across the track.

Two Persons Burned to Death.

ST. JOHNS, N. B., Jan. 24.—A telegram received here says that at 1 o'clock the residence of T. A. Sullivan was burned at Bonny river, a village near St. George, Charlotte county, and that Henry Sullivan, aged 14, eldest son of the owner of the house and John Orr of St. Stephens, aged 21, who were sleeping together, were burned to death. Their remains, burned beyond recognition, were found in the ruins.

The World's Champion Liar.

JOHNSON, Tenn., Jan. 24.—For fear of arrest J. W. Hyams, the world's champion liar, who victimized the press of the whole country by his origin of the alleged Bakersville lynching riot, has decamped, leaving his hotel in the lurch to the amount of his board during his stay here. The report current that he was connected with The Daily Comet of this city, at any time or in any way, is untrue.

Saved from a Terrible Fate.

ZANESVILLE, O., Jan. 24.—Monday afternoon while the body of Frank Clapper, who had apparently died after a short illness, was being prepared for burial, the discovery was made that the respiratory organs were working. Physicians were summoned, and by their help he was restored to consciousness, and it is believed he will recover.

His Little Ones Burned to Cinders.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa., Jan. 24.—On Saturday night Farmer Albert Glass, of Taylor township, departed for town, leaving his son, aged 5, and his daughter, aged 7, alone in the house. The lamp exploded and the burning oil falling on the children burned them to cinders.

TWENTY-ONE VICTIMS.

Terrible Result of the Explosion Near Alton, Ills.

BLAZING OIL SCATTERED ABOUT.

The Force of the Explosion Sent the Fluid Over Two Hundred Feet in the Air, and When It Descended Upon the People It Was a Veritable Rain of Fire—Awful Suffering of Scores of Injured People—At the Hospital.

ALTON, Ills., Jan. 23.—The explosion of an oil tank at the railway wreck at Wann Saturday was much more disastrous than first reported. Sixteen people have died of their injuries and many more are believed to be fatally burned. The list of the dead so far is as following: Hiram A. Cornelius, Iowa, student of Shurtliff college; Dan Harris of Alton Juntion; John Lock, glassblower, of Alton; Edward Miller, Alton Junction; Edward Maupin, of St. Charles, Mo.; William McCarthy, boy; Alton, Ills.; William Miller, Alton Junction; Henry Penning of American Bottoms; Henry Pinney of Alton Junction; Ross Webb, Mattoon, Ills., engineer of limited; William Shattuck, Upper Junction; Charles Utt, boy, Alton; Henry Wiggins, Alton Juncton; John Wilkinson, Alton; unknown man, supposed to be John Manns of Upper Alton; unknown man, not identified.

At the morgue wives and mothers, sisters and daughters, on being shown the bodies of the beloved dead, shrank back in horror and could scarcely be convinced that the distorted features before them were all that remained of those so dear to them and whose taking away meant in some instances the loss of their sole support and reliance.

The Runaway Switchman.

No trace has been found of the runaway switchman, Richard Grattan. A rumor that he had returned to his work Sunday morning proved to be unfounded, and it is thought he has gone for good. The total loss to the company, the officials state, will be between $125,000 and $150,000. The railway company sent the remains of the dead engineer, Webb Ross, to Mattoon Saturday night. One curious feature about the affair is that when the tanks exploded the oil shot directly upward to a hight of some two or three hundred feet, then, as if impelled by some central force, suddenly shot in all directions, taking a circuitous course toward the ground. Louis Utt, who was instantly burned to death, was almost underneath one of the tanks and was scalded by oil that ran over the sides of the tanks. The blazing, flying oil was distinctly visible at Alton, four miles away. To be visible there it must have reached a hight of over two hundred feet.

Some Ghastly Finds.

Numbers of ghastly finds have been the result of the search and two more terribly burned men have been discovered far from the place where they were overtaken by the flames. Both were alive but will undoubtedly die. Pieces of flesh, numbers of hands, or the skin from hands with the finger nails still adhering were found, pieces of money melted together by the heat were picked up 800 yards away from the location of the exploded oil tank, while clothing thrown away as it burned on the bodies of the victims was to be found in every direction. The grass in the fields around is burned in many places, showing where the burning men and boys rolled in their agony. The hospitals are full and many private houses are crowded with the poor unfortunates, a large number of whom will undoubtedly die. A careful canvass of these places Sunday results in the finding of sixteen dead and fifty-seven wounded. Of the latter probably fourteen will die before twenty-four hours have passed.

Inhaled the Flames.

Of the fatally injured all are more or less seriously burned about the limbs and body, but the worst injuries sustained are fearfully burned heads and faces. All are also injured internally from inhaling the burning flames, which scorched and parched their throats to such an extent that their escape from instant death is almost miraculous. The others injured suffer from burns on various parts of the head, limbs and body. When the awfulness of the catastrophe, as related by eyewitnesses who were fortunate enough to escape injury, is made known the only wonder is that the list of casualties is not twice as large as it is. By the time the bells were ringing for services Sunday morning nearly the whole population was out on the streets, but for the majority St. Joseph's hospital seemed to be the objective point, and had the various clergymen, instead of holding forth in their usual places, gone up the little hill on which the hospital is situated they would have found congregated there a large majority of their communicants.

Begged To Be Killed.

The scenes in the wards occupied by the injured were even more heartrending than Saturday. Lying on cots, wrapped and swathed in cotton and bandages until they almost lost semblance to human beings, and surrounded by weeping relatives and sorrowing friends, they formed a picture that brought tears to the eyes of even the physicians, accustomed as they are to such sights. The moanings of the patients were piteous. Every few moments some tortured person writhing in agony would halt rise from his couch, then fall back, suffering more intense pain than before. Seeming to know by intuition when the physician was near them they would beg piteously to be relieved from their pain.

"Doctor, for God's sake, kill me and put me out of this misery," said one.

"O, for even an instant's relief from this!" cried another.

Almost Unrecognizable.

At the morgue Sunday, awaiting the undertaker, were the bodies of five of those who died during the night. The bandages had been removed from the bodies and the fearful ravages of the burning oil were plainly apparent. Scarcely one of the five could be recognized even by relatives. The oil wherever it had touched the skin had burned deep into the flesh, while such portions of the cuticle as escaped entire destruction were blistered and in many places blackened by the intense heat. The lips were terribly swollen and discolored and the eyes of all five were burned out entirely. Every vestige of hair was burned off of face and head, and in many places the skull and cheek bones were exposed.

LATER.—George Roloff, J. N. Murray and Charles Haller died at the hospital Monday morning.

Twenty-One Victims.

Two more victims, Charles Hallen and Henry Jennings, died at Wann Monday morning. This makes the death total up to 2 o'clock Monday afternoon twenty-one. There are at Wann seven more cases, the most serious of which are John Henry, Jr., Henry Weigand, John Philfert and a son of Charles Hermann. These are all badly burned and their chances for recovery are small. The doctors believe that the other sufferers will recover. The fire at the wreck is out and there is no further danger of explosion. The coroner's jury is still at work.

GUILTY AS CHARGED.

Verdict of the Jury in the Homestead Poisoning Case.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 20.—The jury in the Homestead poisoning case has returned a verdict finding Dempsey guilty as charged. Judge Stowe in charging the jury reviewed very carefully and impartially all points of the testimony brought out during the trial. It was for the jury, he said, to determine whether poison was put into the coffee or tea or the food at the mill. This question depends solely upon the testimony of Gallagher and Davidson.

The Great Question.

"If they tell the truth, then the defendant was the originator and principal in the business, responsible for the acts of Gallagher and Davidson, or either, and accountable for whatever they did in pursuance of his instructions. Now, just here comes the great question so far as the defendant in this case is concerned. Dempsey emphatically denies what Gallagher and Davidson say in regard to the purpose for which he employed them. He is a competent but interested witness. They are also competent, but suspicious and tainted witnesses. But the jury may, if they believe their testimony, convict from it alone."

Robert Beatty, one of the alleged poisoners of Homestead steel workers and who is indicted for felonious assault, will be put on trial Monday on the latter charge. The prosecution will be conduct by district Attorney Goehring.

Funeral of ex-President Hayes.

FREMONT, O., Jan. 20.—On the crest of a snow clad slope by the side of his beloved wife, the bier surrounded by his children, a president-elect, the members of President Harrison's cabinet, representatives of the army and navy of the United States, delegates from both houses of congress, the governor of Ohio, members of the legislative bodies and masses of military commands, whose blue uniforms with scarlet and yellow facings and bristling bayonets on a landscape of driven snow added a warmth of color to the wintry scene, the remains of ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes were laid to rest Friday afternoon. The entire arrangements for the obsequies had been placed in the hands of Assistant Adjutant General H. C. Corbin, U. S. A., and from the opening of the house in Spiegel Grove to the crowds of citizens in the morning until the last echo of the salute fired over the grave late in the afternoon everything passed off with military precision.

To Prison for Life.

MERRILL, Wis., Jan. 23.—Hans Anderson, the boy murderer, has been sentenced to state prison for life by Judge Hardelu in the circuit court. The crime for which this 15-year-old murderer was convicted was one of the most cold-blooded recorded in the criminal annals of Wisconsin. The boy resided with his parents on a clearing in the woods of Lincoln county, in northern Wisconsin. His father, it appears, beat and maltreated the boy until his life became a burden. Brooding over his unhappy surroundings he conceived the idea of killing a neighbor, named Homefield, who had considerable money, and robbing him. He carried his plan into effect, but his younger brother, who witnessed the murder, confessed and Hans was arrested.

Fire in a Pennsylvania Mine.

HAZLETON, Pa., Jan. 23.—During the cold weather Evans & Co., at Beaver Meadow, placed furnaces along the slop leading to their operations to keep ice from forming on the rails and interfering with operations. The gas in the mines took fire on Sunday night feom one of these furnaces and the fire is now working through nearly the whole workings. If the flames are not soon gotten under control the slope will be rendered useless. All the mules have been taken out of the mine and the work of flooding it is now being pushed as fast as possible. Two hundred men are thrown out of employment. The loss will be heavy.

Hurt by Falling Walls.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—Nine firemen had a narrow escape from instant death at a destructive fire early Saturday morning at 542, 544, and 546 Washington street. As it was they were painfully injured, the entire western wall of the big building, a four-story store house, suddenly falling out and pining them beneath the debris. Three are likely to die. Their names are Joseph Coyle, George Reynolds, and William Robertson.

Big Cargo of Gold.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—The most valuable cargo that has left this port in many a day, went out Saturday by the steamer La Campagne for Havre. Four million five hundred thousand dollars in gold is a large amount to ship on short notice, and officials, clerks and other employes were on the jump since early morning at the sub-treasury in Wall street preparing kegs of precious metal to this amount for shipment.

Negligent Telegrapher Sentenced.

NORWICH, Conn., Jan. 23.—Charles J. Carroll, the negligent telegraph operator of the New London Northern road, who wrecked two trains and caused the death of five men and four horses, was sentenced in the superior court Friday afternoon to one year in jail and costs. If the costs are not paid his term of imprisonment will be about sixteen months.

During the twelve years since General Hayes retired from the White House there is no record of his having submitted to a political interview.

The family of Henry O'Neil, consisting of husband, wife and a daughter, was found in their home in Indianapolis, almost suffocated by natural gas. The daughter may die.

Emil Frey, vice president of the Swiss republic, served in the Twenty-eighth and Eighty-third Illinois regiments in our civil war.

Ida Bennett was washing windows at Evansville, Ind., when she slipped and fell out of the window and was instantly killed.

People guessing at Mr. Cleveland's income put it at $25,000 a year since he left the presidency.

The circulation of The Tocsin, a London anarchist newspaper, has been prohibited in France.

Edward Murphy, Jr., who will succeed Mr. Hiscock in the United States senate, is a victim of sciatica.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Happenings of a Week Boiled Down for Easy Reading.

Jefferson Baughman of Brazil, Ind., was crushed fatally in the belting at the rolling mills.

Charles Emery Smith, who was minister to Russia, says the czar is "a sedate, sensible, sober-minded fearless man, firm and resolute in action."

Claude Matthews, the new governor of Indiana, spent the first money he ever earned—25 cents, paid for rooting out briers—on a ticket to the circus.

When William H. and Robert Mitchell and John Duff woke up at Louisville they found themselves richer by $300,000 each, left them by an uncle, John Harris, of Australia, who died worth $12,000,000.

Considerable excitement has been caused by the discovery of natural gas within three miles of Memphis, Tenn. A match thrown into a sinkhole set the gas on fire and led to the discovery. A company will probably be organized to pipe it to Memphis.

Senators Daniel and Blackburn and Messrs. W. L. Wilson and Bourke Cockran will attend a Democratic banquet in Frederick, Md., on the 26th inst.

A new morning paper, the Daily Mercury, has made its bow to the New York public. It will be Democratic in politics and sell for 1 cent.

Lady Florence Dixie asserts that she knows a woman who is captain of a ship, her sex unknown to her employers, and two disguised women who are among the most skillful of pilots.

There is a woman in Kansas who not only supports her husband, he being too deeply engaged in politics, but is paying, in installments, the expenses of his first wife's funeral.

Manuel Longero of Mexico has been arrested for counterfeiting and selling tobacco revenue stamps. The counterfeit was very clever.

Idle miners at Iron Mountain, Mich., rejoice because the work of pumping out the Ludington and Hamilton mines, flooded about a year ago, has been begun.

Hudson Shaw, the Oxford lecturer on university extension, has arrived in Philadelphia. He will lecture in this country for three months under the auspices of the American Society for the Extension of University Training.

Miss Florence Bascom of Williamstown, who will take the title of "Ph. D." next June from Johns Hopkins university, will be the first woman to receive such an honor from that institution.

The Columbian Emery Wheel company, with $6,000,000 capital, has been organized under the laws of the state of New Jersey. F. H. Pretsch of Chicago is a director and first vice president.

* * *

Agents of an English company have purchased 25,000,000 feet of pine lumber at Tunis, Sidnow and Little Lake, Mich. Contracts for much more have been placed.

John Lannagin, living near Marisa, Ills., committed suicide by shooting himself. He was a prominent farmer, and a short time ago was kicked in the head by a horse.

William Stowe, a logger, aged 25 years, was killed at Menasha, Wis., by being struck by a log which rolled from a car and thrown into the canal. He leaves a wife.

Tom Joslyn, a woodsman, was run down and cut to pieces by a train on the Port Edwards road near Marshfield, Wis. He leaves a wife and family.

C. C. Hixon, ex-county clerk at New Whatcom, Or., is missing, and his accounts are said to be short $4,800.

Sister Josepha Maria of St. Joseph's hospital, Denver, fell down the elevator shaft from the third story of the building and was instantly killed. Her family name was O'Connor, and she came from Albany, N. Y., where she and her five sisters took the veil three years ago.

Mathias Felsted of Buda, Ills., was killed by the cars at Galesburg.

Matt Brennan, a young man who has resided in Mason City, Ia., from childhood, has been arrested, charged with forging checks. The extent of the alleged forged paper in circulation is not known.

Lionel Jenkias obtained judgment in the circuit court at Salem, Ills., against the Illinois Central Railroad company for $1,300 for injuries received in a wreck at Odin last March. The suit of Elizabeth Jeukins for damages for injuries sustained at the same wreck was compromised, the company paying her $1,000.

Cold weather prevails in Paris and a number of persons have died of exposure.

Pasteur has had twenty years' experience in germ culture and is only yet at the beginning of his theory.

* * *

The board of trade of Elwood, Ind., is making an effort to prevent the lease of any more gas territory to outside companies.

Jesse Wood, a colored youth, shot and killed Al Cheatem, also colored, at Cairo, Ills. They had a quarrel over a girl.

George Robert left Rutland, Ills., twelve years ago. He returned a few days ago and found that his wife had remarried during his absence.

The Scandinavian sangerfest, embracing societies of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, will be held in Eau Claire, Wis., June 28, 29, and 30.

Governor Murphy of Arizona is en route to Washington to use his influence for the admission of the territory.

Under the new Indiana tax law 510 farms are on the delinquent list in Wabash county. Under the previous law 150 farms was considered a large number to be listed.

A bill was introduced in the Wisconsin legislature to legalize sparring in that state. The bill has the support of the sporting fraternity.

One hundred and fifty men of the Michigan Furniture company at Holland struck because 1 per cent. of their wages was held out for accident insurance without their consent.

Miami county, Ind., Hendricks club, one of the best known political organizations in the state, has disbanded. It is proposed to lease a larger hall or erect a private clubhouse and then make it a permanent organization.

W. H. Brooks, a freight agent of the Sioux City and Northern Railway company at Sioux City, Ia., is a defaulter in the sum of $6,000.

The wife of Horace Smith, of Smith & Wesson, has been probated. With the exception of $10,000 his entire estate is bequeathed to charity.

Henry Bondberger, an alleged Chicagoan, was wounded while attempting to rob a store in Philadelphia.

Charles Van Meter, a young farm hand living near Champaign, Ills., was kicked in the face by a horse, receiving fatal injuries.

Rev. Mr. Rollins, a former southern Methodist missionary in Japan, has purchased the St. Louis Critic from William Freudenau and will take charge at once. The Critic is a sensational weekly.

All the employes of the Diamond Plate Glass company at Kokomo, Ind., 700 in number, are on strike. They refused to do a little extra work to avoid a cut in wages.

* * *

Officer Bethold shot Jim Salles, colored, at Richmond, Ind. Salles was in a saloon row with his razor and resisted arrest. The ball entered his mouth.

The schools have been closed near Vandalia, Ills., on account of an epidemic of measles.

The Richards Drug company of San Francisco, wholesale dealers in drugs, has failed. Liabilities, $65,000; assets, $75,000. Failure caused by dull trade.

The street car line at Battle Creek, Mich., is tied up on account of a coal famine.

J. D. Duncan, an editor of Colorado Springs, Colo., became violently insane on the streets of that place. He was armed and on a hunt for an intimate friend to kill him. Duncan was locked up by the sheriff after a struggle.

John Smyth, Harry Williams and John Riley, claiming to be from Cincinnati, were arrested in Evansville, Ind., by detectives for passing counterfeit dollars bearing the date of 1888.

One hundred and ten of the striking finishers and cabinet makers of the West Michigan Furniture company at Holland, Mich., have returned to work.

The auditor of public accounts of Illinois has issued a permit to John Carr Russell, Charles B. Ensign and William D. Vincent to organize the Mattoon, Ills., State Savings bank with a capital stock of $50,000.

Dr. T. H. East of Oklahoma City was arrested charged with the murder of Tom Whitman, found dead in the street. Whitman was chief witness against a friend of Dr. East.

Signor Griffey of Richmond, Ind., killed himself with morphine. He was ill and despondent.

The Washburn-Moen Manufacturing company of Worcester, Mass., has petitioned the legislature for permission to increase its capital stock to $10,000,000.

A bill has been introduced in the assembly of New York providing that all anthracite coal hereafter sold shall be graded.

Arthur Beckwith, aged 48, a Harlem, N. J., millionaire, who escaped from Buell's sanitarium at Litchfield, Conn., Oct. 10, has been found in Cuba.

* * *

Thomas Barnett, a stranger, was found frozen and dead near Nabb Station, Ind.

Governor Crounse of Nebraska has offered rewards for the capture of Joseph Williams, who poisoned the Ewing family of Omaha, and Charles Stewart, who killed James Dungherty in South Omaha.

Wilton Bennett of Port Jervis, N. Y., was awarded $1 in his $25,000 libel suit against the Albany Argus.

Norah Webster, 9 years old, living with Dr. Hayward in the Chickasaw nation, pointed a pistol at a negro boy and pulled the trigger, the bullet passing through his body. He will die.

An appeal has been made to Secretary Foster to order an inquiry into the causes of the loss of the steamers Western Reserve and W. H. Gilcher on the lakes last summer.

Charles Hoffman, 17 years old and residing on Ludington avenue, Menominee, Mich., committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart. Ill-health and despondency caused the deed.

It costs about $12,000 to get the votes of the electoral college brought to Washington from the forty-four states.

Ex-President Hayes was the sixteenth of the twenty-seven Ohio brevet major generals who have joined the grand army on fame's eternal camping ground.

Susan B. Anthony, who has been a campaigner with Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease in Kansas, says that Mrs. Lease is better qualified for the United States senatorship than any man in the People's party of that state.

George Durr of Steelton, Pa., was run over by the Columbian express train and instantly killed.

Many western congressmen say of the decision of the Duluth judge in the case of a Chinaman that it will not affect the law, or that if it proves an obstacle the necessary changes will soon be made.

* * *

A sister of the late General Butler, eleven years older than he, is now living near the old Butler homestead at Nottingham, N. H.

At the age of 74 Jonathan McClure is setting type in the office of the Madison (Ind.) Courier, where he has been similarly engaged since 1837.

An epidemic, called by the victims "pink-eye," is prevalent at Sellersburg, Ind. The eyes of the victims are swelled while indoors, but become all right on going out in the open air.

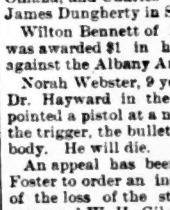
General Clarkson, president of the Republican National league, will call within a few days a national convention of the league. The meeting will take place in Louisville in May.

Mrs. Riley Yates of Springfield, O., is now nursing her twenty-fourth baby.

Ester Lundburg, a young servant girl in Marquette, Mich., fell down the cellar stairs in the house of her employer with a lighted lamp in her hand. She is not expected to live.

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by



Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription..... $2.50
Six Months..... 1.25
Single Copies..... 05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 28, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Nat C. Goodwin.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"The Crust of Society."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—J. K. Emmet.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Marie Wainwright.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Alexander Salvini.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Prodigal Father" and Carmencita.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic Specialty Co.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Hanlon Bros' "Fantasma."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

AMERICANISM AND IMMIGRATION.

The Hamilton Club banquet, given at the Auditorium on Friday evening of last week, was signalized by the presence of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, who was the guest of the evening, and who, of course, delivered the leading speech. His subject was "Americanism and Immigration," and he treated it in a manner that could not give offense to the most sensitive. He put himself on record as being the enemy of Knownothingism, whether native or foreign. It seems to THE CITIZEN, however, that Mr. Roosevelt, like nearly all men born on American soil, expects a little too much of adopted Americans in the matter of natal forgetfulness. The foreign born citizen must, surely, have the same natural affection for his early home that the native has. Some of the most beautiful gems of American poetry sparkle with this noble love of birthplace, and the sentiment is manifested in this city day by day in the festive celebrations of the Sons of Ohio, of New York, of Vermont, of Massachusetts, and so on.

A man must be a very poor devil of a fellow—must have been very abjectly brought up—who could pluck all memory of his native place from his heart at the bidding of even American exactingness. If it is necessary to be an Irish renegade, in order to be an American "loyalist," THE CITIZEN begs leave to say that any nation that would exact such a condition would be placing a premium on the ignobleness of human nature. In Mr. Roosevelt's remarks all foreign born Americans were, of course, included, but as we were born in Ireland, we prefer to deal with that branch of the subject only. Many native Americans—we don't think Mr. Roosevelt is of the number—imagine that Ireland is a kind of half-reclaimed bog, with a "trail" running through it here and there, and that all Irishmen are born in mud cabins and receive no book learning until, by the mercy of divine providence, they reach this favored land. They do not know, or care to know, that Ireland is, for its extent, the most beautiful, as well as fertile, country of Europe, and that, in spite of old-time educational suppression and more modern flunkey discouragement, the masses of the Irish people, unless through their own fault, have a fair chance to be practically, if not well, educated, and that those above the laboring condition have, at their doors, as good educational institutions as can be found even in America. Trinity College, and what may be called its subordinate branches, the Queen's Colleges, are, from the merely learned standpoint, well fit to rank with the proudest in this country, and Old Trinity, whatever its political faults, has given to the world some of the brightest minds that ever illuminated the pulpit or the forum, science, politics or literature.

The denominational colleges of Ireland, too, both Protestant and Catholic, can hold their own with the best of other lands. It will be generally found that the men, or the women, wholly or in part educated in Ireland, are the least likely of the race to be ignorant of the general affairs of the world. Those who are even fairly well educated in Ireland have broader training than is given in most of our American public schools. In Ireland, George Washington is quite as much an idol as he is in this country, and the Irish generally know much more about America and Americans than the latter know about Ireland, or Europe for that matter. There is too much of a tendency in America to make knowledge purely continental. We talk a great deal about the insularity of the English. Are we not, to some extent, their imitators? American history is a very short span in the life of nations. All—even the smallest and most unfortunate—of the countries of Europe had won an honorable place in history ages before the first Caucasian pioneer struck his axe into the bark of an American forest tree. America is simply an offshoot of Europe—all that is civilized in this country belongs to Europe. It is only the savage Indian who is privileged to sneer at citizens who are not the immediate descendants of enterprising and frugal colonists. The industrious progenitors of the New York Four Hundred were driving dray, towing canal boats, or selling groceries less than three generations ago. The simple grandfathers of the Four Hundred were happy when seated in a country market-cart behind a mule. Now their dainty descendants are not happy unless they drive tandem, and have an uniformed ass in small clothes, with top boots and folded arms, in the hindmost seat of their "traps."

The Americans are a new people. They have a right to be proud of their prosperity, but, without the recent immigrants, where would they stand today? The Irish are not a mushroom race—even the humblest Irish peasant has a pedigree, and a good and honorable reason for the tribal name he bears. For our own part, we are proud of our birth on the dear old Irish soil; we are proud of the great, if often ill-fated, race of which we are a very humble member; we cherish the beautiful features of the land that bore us, as the lover remembers the charms of the maiden who first stirred his heart's tenderness. We love her friends—for this we are loyal to America, her flag, her constitution and her laws. We hate her enemies—for this we abhor England, her flag, her pretensions and her "civilization." If any American, in order to "cinch" our loyalty to this land, should ask us to forget our cradle land, we should answer him, "Yes, when Ireland forgets her God and her heritage, and accepts a position of English vassalage as the price of ignoble peace, then we will forget her—tear her memory from our hearts—but not before." As that will never be, our love of her must last, while life lasts, but that affection is the best guarantee we can give of devotion to the great republic which shelters millions of her exiled children.

TROUBLES OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

The action of the French government in expelling hostile foreign correspondents from the soil of France appears harsh policy on the part of a republic, but it must be remembered that, unlike America, la belle France has to be constantly on guard against domestic as well as foreign conspirators. The monarchical world, and the backers of the various French pretenders to the throne, hoped that the Panama canal scandal would wreck the republican government of Carnot, and throw the country once more into the arms of despotism. The unfriendly foreign correspondents seemingly did their utmost to discredit the republic, and hence the harsh measures taken against them. It is objected that similar methods are not applied to domestic journalistic disturbers. The reason is obvious. France, taught by adversity, cannot be turned against the mode of government that rescued her from defeat, weakness and humiliation by any amount of internal libel. Consequently the Parisian would-be disturbers are harmless. France has acted well and wisely in this momentous crisis. She has not given way to her passions. She has acted as her enemies would wish her not to act, and hence their rage and disappointment, as manifested in the tone of their press. England has been, as usual, particularly spiteful. The downfall of President Carnot, through alleged complicity in the great scandal, was a free phrophecy in all the English papers, and we, in this country, had a rehash of it from the Anglo-American correspondents.

It is, of course, lamentable that the Panama scandal should have arisen, but, then, France remembers the corruption under the old regime—restored by foreign bayonets—and under the Second Empire. She cannot forget her betrayed army—betrayed into the hands of its powerful foe by an imbecile emperor and a knavish court. She cannot forget the humiliation of Sedan and Metz; the dismemberment of her provinces, and the gigantic burden of debt—all resulting from the corruption of empire. The republic, taking hold of her affairs in the very moment of her greatest crisis, enabled her to conclude peace on severe, but not fatal, conditions; restored her credit, liberated her soil from invasion, reorganized her army, gave it a numerical strength and an efficiency that has placed it once more in the forefront of military forces, and, in short, has made France one of the most peaceful and prosperous of countries. The Panama boodlers will be punished, of course, but we hope the French will be moderate in the dispensation of justice to the offenders. Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, notwithstanding the misfortunes and humiliations of his old age, will ever remain an illustrious figure in the annals of human progress. His triumph at Suez would have been eclipsed by his triumph at Panama had his resources been at all equal to his daring and his genius. THE CITIZEN despises the paltry wretches of all nations who delight to dance upon the prostrate form of superior genius in misfortune. There are human creatures so formed that they can see neither merit nor virtue unless accompanied by unbroken success. Man is but mortal, and a benign God has mercifully limited his powers. Otherwise the aphorism of the poet—

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

would be applicable to most of the human species. There is no more merciless judge of genius in misfortune than the clod of clay, whose sole merit rests in the dollars he has hoarded in a career of sordid meanness, and selfishness.

RELEASING IRISH PRISONERS.

Neither Mr. Asquith, the Home Secretary of England, nor Mr. Morley, Secretary for Ireland, has fallen into the Tory trap set by the Dublin explosion. The object of that nefarious act was twofold—first, to hinder Home Rule, and, second, to compel the Gladstone government to keep in prison the alleged dynamitards, whose liberty was sworn away by police conspiracy. Whatever may be the fate of Home Rule, it is creditable to Asquith and Morley that they were not influenced by the base Tory trick. Messrs. Egan and Callan, convicted, on detective testimony, of complicity in a dynamite plot of some kind, and sentenced to life imprisonment, have been released. They are much broken in health and spirits, and it is feared they will never be, physically at least, what they were before the prison door closed upon them. Mr. Asquith would now do well to release John Daly, of Limerick, who is as guiltless as the men who have been released, and, in short, a general jail delivery of prisoners confined for alleged concern in deeds of violence of a political complexion would be the best thing that could happen. If any of the men now confined in England were really dynamitards, it should be borne in mind that the acts charged to their account were committed in time of great political excitement, when persecution reigned in Ireland, and when men were absolutely driven insane by the apparent helplessness of the unfortunate country's condition. The unanimous condemnation by the Irish people, at home and everywhere, of the recent Dublin explosion, which resulted in the death of an unfortunate policeman, ought to convince Gladstone and his Cabinet that the Irish, although daring, desperate and, sometimes, even cruel in their methods, in seasons of intolerable persecution, are a magnanimous, pitying and forgiving race when they are met even half way in a policy of generosity and moderation. Let the prison doors be thrown open. Let the imprisoned men go free, and, if English ministers deal with Ireland—as they have so frequently promised but have so rarely performed—from an Irish standpoint, they need have no fear of extraordinary violence in the future. It is traditional that much more can be done with the Irish wolf hound by stroking than by provoking him. He still, thank God, has a good set of teeth, but will not use them unless driven to extremity.

SECULARISM AND LOYALTY.

At the Presbyterian Social Union dinner, given at the Grand Pacific Hotel on Tuesday evening, Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Minneapolis, responding to the sentiment "The Christ and Some of the Modern Difficulties," said that an undying faith in the Divine Master was the only safeguard against the evils which were daily besetting every true citizen of this country. These evils, he declared, were due in a large measure to the hetrogeneous population, and here he took occasion to attack not only the Catholic church but Archbishop Ireland. "There is," he said, "a constant, persistent, an un-American, and a subtle influence at work among the members of the Catholic church for the undermining of the most fundamental institution of our nation—our public school system." The remarks were greeted with cheers, and the speaker went on: "Yes, and there is another danger as real, only more subtle. It is the effort of the distinguished ecclesiastic from the Northwest at compromise. Yes, it is a compromise on all sides, except that of his own church. Do not go to Canossa if Bismarck did."

All this kind of envenomed prate can only serve to bring about the conditions that Dr. Hoyt seems to abhor. The Catholic church is not a church of compromises, especially when it is challenged and assailed. Archbishop Ireland is, at least, as patriotic as Dr. Hoyt, but he is not afflicted with the latter's suspicion and bigotry. But let us suppose that the State were to do away with all religious training in any kind of school or seminary, what would become of all the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and other denominational colleges scattered throughout the land? So long as the Catholics of this country are willing to tax themselves doubly for the education of their children, it is nobody's business but their own. All Catholics are not sufficiently wealthy to send their children to Catholic colleges, and the parochial school is the only available means outside of the home for giving them temporal and spiritual instruction at the same time. It seems to us that most of the dissatisfaction over the educational problem in this country, is due to the illiberal utterances of clergymen like Dr. Hoyt. The constitution is our "most fundamental institution." The public school system did not destroy slavery or prevent rebellion, and some of the most thoroughly educated of native Americans, like Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, and Clement Valandigham, were about the worst rebels America produced. There is no religious training at West Point, and yet that institution furnished the very flower of the rebel generals. Secular training is, therefore, no guarantee of national loyalty.

TWO GOOD AMERICAN BOOKS.

In his Hamilton Club banquet speech on the evening of the 19th inst., the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, speaking of what men of Irish birth or descent, had done for America, said: "I wish to see two books—one written by Capt. John G. Bourke, of our regular army, and the other by ex-Congressman John F. Finerty, of your city, in the hands of every American." Mr. Roosevelt alluded in these flattering terms to "On the Border with Crook," by Capt. Bourke, and to "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," by Mr. Finerty. The compliment coming from Mr. Roosevelt, who is one of the leading literary men of America, and who knows the frontier and its history from personal experience, is trebly valuable. Unfortunately, however, the literary appetite of the country is not now what it will be when it gets older. The fierce scramble for dollars cannot go on forever. Chicago and the Northwest will soon have enough wealth to take life easier and read a little more than they do now. Yet, for a young section of America, the Northwest is doing fairly well in literature. In this city alone, we can mention Eugene Field, Stanley Waterloo, Ernest McGaffey, Mrs. M. F. Sullivan, William J. Onahan, Miss Onahan, P. G. Smyth, Opie Read, W. T. C. Hyde and many others. We are not yet able to support a good magazine, but we'll "get there" some day, when the hog takes a back seat, and literature, fortified by loads of lucre, comes boldly to the front.

DISSENSIONS OVER HOME RULE.

Mr. Labouchere in the London *Truth*—we publish the article elsewhere—clearly announces his determination not to support the Gladstone Home Rule bill if it contains a provision for the retention of the Irish members at Westminster in their present strength. He objects, he says, to having the Irish dominating English politics—having England under Ireland's hoof—that is the expression—while, at the same time, they legislate in a Dublin parliament on local Irish affairs. It would, he thinks, give them too much advantage. If Gladstone reduces the representation at Westminster and indicates that the new arrangement is merely federal, then Mr. Labouchere, if he continues in his present frame of mind, will support the measure. He boasts that when there were only three Home Rulers in parliament he was one of them, but it was a federal scheme only the favored, not that said to be contemplated by Gladstone.

Here now is a very pretty English stew. Gladstone must be, indeed, a man of infinite patience and resources if he can frame a bill to suit all concerned. Trevelyan and other Liberals seceded from him in 1886 on the question of Irish members in London. Sir George wanted them kept, and so did others. Gladstone made the concession and the cranky baronet returned to the Liberal fold. Now, Labouchere, who made no hostile sign in 1886, kicks over the traces because the Irish are retained as British lawmakers. Sir Edward Reed bucks Gladstone off his back because something else doesn't suit him, and one Welsh member has also signified his determination to secede if things are not moulded to suit his ideas.

Gladstone, that wonderful politician, remains seemingly undisturbed through it all. Nobody in England really knows what form his new measure will assume. It is asserted that the new Irish parliament is to be probationary; that it is to be experimental for ten years. THE CITIZEN agrees with Mr. Labouchere that this would be a great mistake. It would, in fact, be a solemnly delivered insult to the Irish people, bound in red tape and duly sealed by vote of the foreign parliament. If the Irish are not to control the police and the judiciary—it appears that control of the finances is not calculated upon, at least by one section of the Irish party—the bill is dead before it is born, because the Irish people would be crazy to accept such a parliament. Fancy an Irish legislature sitting in Dublin without power to discipline the Irish police or to control the Irish judiciary! Surely Mr. Gladstone could not be silly enough to entertain such an idea. It would be unworthy of him as a serious statesman, leaving out all other considerations.

Meanwhile, when the English Liberal camp is in a ferment of dissension regarding Irish Home Rule, Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P., is indulging in most envenomed attacks on the Redmondites. It is certainly a great pity that Mr. Healy should deem it his mission in these days to keep ablaze the fires of discord, for we notice that the Redmondite organs fire back bitterly, and it is not to be wondered at. Mr. Healy is much mistaken if he supposes that the quarrel can affect only the fortunes of Mr. Redmond. Notwithstanding the glowing account of his American mission given in the Irish papers by Dr. J. F. Fox, M.P., who was out here on behalf of Mr. McCarthy, we can assure our Irish brethren that the rank and file of the American Irish are apathetic, and will remain so just as long as rival leaders in Ireland keep up this mischievous and debasing warfare. Why can't they fight it out and end it like men? Why can't they imitate the old peasant who shook hands with the slayer of his son—vide one of the poems in the Book of Irish Ballads—for the sake of country—

Weeping tears like a woman
He said "your hand, aye *that* hand!
And I do forgive you, foeman,
For the sake of our bleeding land!"

No bloody barrier separates the two wings of the Irish party. Let them make an honest and manly effort to close the breach, and show the whole world that Irishmen can, for the general good, conquer personal rancour, and thus afford the best guarantee that can be given that, should Home Rule come, they will be able to make good use of their opportunity for self-government.

PAID THEIR PASSAGE WITH LEAD.

A New Orleans dispatch, dated Tuesday, says:

"Alexander Walker, one of the oldest journalists in the South, died today at Fort Smith, Ark., at the home of his son, aged 86 years. He was a native of Fredericksburg, Va., and received the finishing touches of his education at the University of Virginia under the personal care of ex-President Monroe. Early in the forties he came to New Orleans to practice law, but soon entered journalism in behalf of the Slidell Democracy."

Judge Walker, as he was familiarly called in New Orleans, was a most accomplished and interesting personage. The editor of THE CITIZEN spent many a pleasant hour with him in the Crescent City during the troublous days of 1877. The Judge wrote a graphic history of Louisiana, and his description of the battle of New Orleans was masterly. The only "English" regiment that got over the American works was the Forty-fourth, made up of Irishmen. As they were left without support they were compelled to surrender. In the midst of the tumult one of the bold red-coated Hibernians shouted "Be gor, boys, we've paid our passage with lead, instead of with gold, this time!" Most of these prisoners settled in Louisiana, and their descendants are among the most respected citizens of that State today.

NEW YORK'S TOGAED BREWER.

Some of the New York dude newspapers sneer at United States Senator Edward J. Murphy, Jr., of Troy, because he has an interest in the brewing business. Well, what of it? Is it not as honorable, and as useful to humanity, to be a brewer as to be a lawyer, a doctor, a dry goods man, a grocery man, or anything else in the line of making an honest livelihood? From the earliest days, brewers have been held in respect and have done much to promote the health and the sociability of mankind. Sir Walter Scott has immortalized, in "Ivanhoe," the forest meeting between Friar Tuck, of Robin Hood's band, and Richard of the Lion Heart. The "nut brown ale" of "Merrie England" has been famous in story from that remote age to the present. "October" and "home brewed" are household words throughout the length and breadth of Albion. Scotland's ale is only a little inferior to her smoke flavored usquebaugh, and an Irish brewer, Benjamin Lee Guinness, we believe, has been raised to the peerage as Lord Iveagh. There is also another Irish brewer peer, whose title we can't recall. What delightful memories dwell in the well remembered flavor of a "pewter mug" full of Dublin "stout" or Drogheda ale? These beverages are not intoxicating, if taken properly. They are a boon to invalids, and, for consumptives especially, are invaluable. A man who can drink enough porter, beer or ale to get drunk upon must be a hog. Nothing could redeem him. Therefore, their production can only injure the weak among mankind, who have no control over their appetites, and who, if they could not drink themselves to death, would certainly eat themselves into apoplexy.

Germany is famous for her beer. The varieties and their names are legion—some dark, heavy and sweetish, others light, hoppy and bitter. American varieties, when properly brewed, suit the native palate best. Besides, they are not "heady," and their pleasant effect upon the system is a combination of the sedative and exhilarative that cannot be claimed in the same degree for any other form of drink. America has become, in the last generation, a beer drinking country. The German habit of sitting down socially at a round table and sipping the favorite nectar of Gambrinus has "caught on." It has, to a great extent, done away with the antiquated, and uncomfortable, custom of "standing up to the bar," and swallowing whisky and water pill fashion. In fact beer has worked a social revolution, in the right direction, in this country. It has not promoted total abstinence, it is true, but it has greatly advanced the cause of temperance. It is much easier for a man who drinks beer to give up the habit, by moral or medical advice, than one who drinks whisky.

In view of all this, THE CITIZEN cannot understand the bigotry and ingratitude which the New York opposition papers have manifested toward Mr. Murphy as a brewer. He has made his business a success. He has ever been an honorable man in his dealings. He has taken an active and intelligent interest in the politics of his state, and he is certainly good looking, dignified and practical. Is he not as good, at least, as any of the Pacific slope millionaires who have found their way to the senate? Yes, and we believe he will make a deep mark in that body, because he is a thorough man of affairs, and when he takes up any subject he will discuss it thoroughly.

By the way, we believe that Mr. Murphy's chief opponent and critic, Mr. S. Grover Cleveland, holds some stock in a Buffalo brewery. A fellow feeling ought to have made him kinder to E. J. M., Jr.

COLUMBUS AND POSTAGE.

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, found use for his superfluous legislative talent in the United States senate on Saturday in attacking the perfectly harmless Columbian postage stamp introduced by Postmaster-General Wanamaker. He found fault with its general style and called it "a cruel and unusual stamp," designed to give trouble to stamp collectors, and useful only for the purposes of "a chest protector." Mr. Wolcott was, no doubt, facetious, as a man who represents a health giving soil and climate should be, but he ought to remember that humanity is divided into a great many sections. Not the least numerous of these is that which runs after everything new, including postage stamps, and lives on the temporary excitement of the chase. There are millions of grown up babies in this, as in all other, countries. Even the stolid English went crazy over "the missing word" humbug, and, compared with that craze, the Columbian stamp mania is perfectly harmless. After the World's Fair is done with, it will be satisfactory to know that Christopher Columbus will not be heard of again, to any extent, for another hundred years. Come to think of it, anyway, a cynical friend of ours remarks, it would be hard for Christopher to have missed this western world, even if he had only let his caravels drift with the easterly winds. It stretches, practically, from Hudson's Bay to the Straits of Magellan, and how the deuce could he have missed it if he tried?

LAKE-ST. "L" ROAD REORGANIZED.

The following new directors were elected by the Lake Street "L" Road, at the last meeting of the shareholders: For one year, Messrs. Ziegler, Moffatt and Thompson; for two years, Messrs. Roche, Wilbeck and Shaw; for three years, Messrs. Deere, Knight and Campbell. The directors elected officers as follows: President, John A. Roche; vice president, Hiram P. Thompson; treasurer, John H. Whitbeck; secretary, O. W. Bruner. The company, under the foregoing officers, has been thoroughly reorganized. The election of the Hon. John A. Roche to the presidency is a strong guarantee of future success.

ABOUT "HYPHENATED AMERICANS."

THE CITIZEN desires to place before the Hamilton Club, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the following extract from a speech on "National Patriotism," delivered by John Blake Dillon, father of John Dillon, M. P., before the Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1841:

"National patriotism," said Mr. Dillon, "is as much a part of our nature as filial or fraternal love. I ground the assertion on the universality of its existence; and if we would pity or abhor the man who should advise us to transfer our filial affection from its proper object as interest might point out, why do we listen with patience to men who tell us that we should transfer our patriotism from our own to other countries, when self interest prompts us to do so? The latter of these affections is just as independent of the will and self love as the former, and it is so for the same reasons. It is a passion which springs out of the past, and the past we cannot alter. It is formed at a period when we are altogether incapable of reflecting on its uses. It grows, like summer flowers, in calm and cloudless times—those sunny days of childhood, when the heart is fresh and prone to love. Chilled it may be by selfishness, or crushed by sophistry, but it cannot be transplanted. Uproot it from its native soil and it blooms no more, but the place in which it grew will remain empty and desolate forever."

The sentiments so eloquently expressed by Mr. Dillon remain as true as when they were uttered, with this undoubted exception: The transplanted Irish love America, because it is the grand home and broad refuge of their race, just as much as they love Ireland, but no more. They have a dual love, but a single allegiance. The latter is to America. Ireland has no native government, and, even if she had, it could never be in conflict with ours. Any native born Irishman who was old enough when he left it to know and remember his country, and who does not love it, is either a soulless creature, a

knave or a truckling hypocrite. Most of the sons and daughters of the Irish settled here have a natural veneration for the land of their fathers, but it would be utterly unreasonable to expect them to love it in the same sense that their parents do. There has been altogether too much "clap-trap" in condemnation of the "hyphenated-American" citizen of late. It is absurd and childish. A man born in Ireland is Irish, to start with. He comes to America and becomes an American citizen. Politically considered, he is, and will ever remain, an American. Descriptively, he is an Irish-American, or an Americanized Irishman, if he likes it better. To the best of our remembrance, we were born in Ireland, not in Yankeeland. To the best of our knowledge, all the education we have received was received in Ireland. According to authenticated history, our forefathers lived and died in Ireland for, at least, 2,500 years. Our own father's bones are buried in her soil. We left Ireland, not because she was unable to support us, but because the fiendish government of England made it impossible for any one with a free spirit to live there. Our case is only one among hundreds of thousands, who, we firmly believe, feel as we do. It is enough that we are loyal to America. Let the nativist cranks not bother us about our love for Ireland. They can't change that, and we don't care a button what they think of it. All generous Americans understand us. Is it not truly sung that

"A man may love his wedded wife
And love his mother too?"

THE TWO "BOBS" AND THE SERVANT GIRLS.

Col. Ingersoll, in his recent lecture on the great Scotch poet, says:

"Sometimes I have thought the Scotch were saved from Calvinism by intoxicating liquors. So were the Puritans. And yet in spite of Calvinism Scotland produced some of the sweetest songs in all the world, and the one who produced the sweetest song was Robert Burns. I am glad he was a peasant. He was the dearest to the Scotch. Why? Because he made life beautiful, made the cottage far more poetical than the palace. He was generous, and was a natural democrat and hated tyranny. He had but little of education. He was a man of genius. He did not have to read. He was something like a spring—a child of nature. He seems to have done everything without effort. It was no effort—his poems wrote themselves. He did not endeavor to make angels out of fine ladies, but took the servant girls and made them such—angels that the angels could be envious of. He did not make women of goddesses, but he made goddesses of women."

THE CITIZEN ventures to observe that Bobby Burns never ran across a Chicago servant girl on a strike, with the thermometer twenty below, and the water back frozen solid.

MR. PIERCE MAHONY, ex-M. P. for North Meath, blacked the eye of Mr. M. J. Kenny, M. P., for an alleged insult offered, in a speech, to the mother of the first named, in Dublin on Monday. Truly the divided Irish party is becoming dignified and edifying in the sight of God and man!

JUDGE L. Q. C. LAMAR, of the United States Supreme Court, who died suddenly in Washington on Monday, was very eccentric and absent minded. He was, in private life, as guileless as a child, but, in political matters, he was easily excited. He was beloved by everybody in Washington. He never "put on style" or "airs," but had a natural dignity of manner that was very impressive. His friendship for the late Jefferson Davis amounted to a passion, and the feeling was warmly returned.

"STUCK in the Mud"—the Chicago board of education.

POOR GOVERNOR ALTGELD! He is now paying the penalty of greatness. Sleep forsakes his pillow and he loathes the food he eats. Bitterness is mingled in his cup, and his day is filled with horrors. The office-hunter is abroad, and, as a consequence, Gov. Altgeld is indoors. The doctor's orders are disregarded, and, day and night, the process of soul-wearing goes on. As a last resort, the unfortunate chief executive must fly the State in search of health and repose. The exodus takes place this week, and Florida is the objective point. It is to be hoped that the Governor will win back his health in the land of the alligator and flamingo.

THE best abused man in Ireland at present is Michael Davitt. He is catching it on all sides, and he fights back for all he is worth. The name of his Irish place of abode should be changed from Ballyrack to Ballywhack.

MR. R. MATHER, the young and gifted president of the Hamilton Club, made a fine oratorical hit in his opening address at the banquet. He evidently prepares well, but does not read from manuscript. His voice and delivery are both excellent. Mr. Bancroft's elaborate speech was filled with political philosophy, epigrammatically advanced. He is too good a speaker, both by nature and training, to read his manuscript. Ex-Attorney General Hunt is a cold, clear speaker, who wastes not a word in his clean cut arguments. Rev. Dr. E. G. Hirsch was, as usual, able, entertaining and instructive. He brought down the house, when, alluding to our sanitary conditions, he said "the air which we breathe, and the water which we must not drink." The Hamiltons are built on a good foundation, but they must not expect to entirely change human nature by arguments, however plausible or powerful. They are excellent in theory, but we can assure them the Democrats can beat them all hollow in practical politics.

THE Rev. Michael O'Brien, assistant pastor at St. John's Roman Catholic church, Eighteenth and Clark streets, is lying seriously ill at Mercy hospital with pneumonia. He has been ill for ten days and his condition is critical.

AMONG the latest "prominently mentioned" mayoralites are Alfred S. Trude, and Lambert Tree, both of the Democratic faith. Mr. Trude is a lawyer and reformer, who has conducted some celebrated cases and made vigorous warfare on what he calls "school fads." Mr. Tree has been minister to Belgium, began life as a newspaper man, married wealth as well as worth, served upon the bench, and has a clean cut public record. He owns a fine residence on the North Side, but has lived, owing to illness in his family, a good deal abroad.

THE Biela comet is again reported visible to the naked eye, and is hunting around in the heavens for a world to pick up in its tail and fly away with. It has been a long time getting within eight hours' time of the earth, when, according to local astronomers, it was to have "hung lurid in the western horizon, larger than the full moon."

MR. GEORGE A. H. BAKER, assistant in the state's attorney's office for many years, committed suicide at his home in this city on Tuesday by strangling himself with a trunk strap. He leaves a wife and three little boys to mourn his loss. The act was committed while Mr. Baker was laboring under an attack of temorary insanity, caused by a lesion of the brain, resulting from overwork. He was an able man, and began life as a journalist. His widow is a sister of the Hon. Luther Laflin Mills.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"D. O'C." City—Correspondents would much oblige THE CITIZEN by not asking us to decide bets. If they want general information let them invest in an encyclopedia. An immense amount of knowledge can be purchased in these days for a few dollars.

"M. McC.," City—This innocent asks why papers demand subscriptions in advance. Why, Michael, it is because the subscriber takes a risk of only $2.50 during the year, whereas the publisher has to carry all the expenses for the same period, and if the subscribers don't "come down with the dust" he has to pay for material, composition, salaries and miscellaneous matters out of his own purse—if, indeed, he has one. Now, Michael, $2.50 isn't much to win or lose, but multiply it by thousands and it makes a large sum. People outside the newspaper business have little or no conception of how much money it takes to run even a weekly paper in a year. Some good, easy-going folks seem to imagine that paper can be had for nothing; that offices are rent free; that printers work gratis; that clerks keep accounts for the fun of the thing, and that editors can live on glory and the air. This is not so, Michael, and, therefore, you are asked to pay in advance.

To Many Worthy People—It is perfectly useless to ask THE CITIZEN to print long personal poems devoted to the praises of individuals in private life, however meritorious. Compliance would open the door to countless productions of the kind, which could have no possible interest for the general reader.

"J. McD.," City—Aughrim, in the Irish language, signifies "horse ridge" or "horse hill." There are a score of Aughrims in Ireland. The Aughrim at which the battle of 1691 was fought is in Galway county, three and a half miles southwest of Ballinasloe.

"Liffey," St. Louis—It is doubtful whether Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was born at Dangan Castle, Meath, or in Dublin. From a purely Irish standpoint, it makes little difference where he was born.

"Veteran," City—According to recent returns there is but one survivor of the battle of Austerlitz living in France, and he is among the doubtfuls. Over twenty veterans of Waterloo are still alive in that country, while England boasts of only five.

DANIEL COUGHLIN IN JAIL.

He is Visited by His Aged Father in Prison, and Protests His Innocence.

Daniel Coughlin, to whom a new trial has been granted by the Supreme court of Illinois, was returned from Joliet penitentiary to Cook county jail on Friday of last week. Owing to the number of criminal cases ahead on the docket, the state's attorney thinks it will take some time before the new trial can be had. Coughlin has been visited in jail by his venerable father, who resides in Hancock, Mich. The altered appearance of his son greatly affected the old man at the first interview. Coughlin stoutly asserts his innocence of any connection with Dr. Cronin's cruel murder. Frank Woodruff, ironically called "the confessor," who pretended to know so much about the Cronin tragedy, but who was believed even by the law officers of the State, to be a monumental liar, died last week in the Kansas state prison, where he was serving time for horse stealing. His death has occasioned a renewal of the talk of fatality among those who were in any way connected with the Cronin case. The mortality among those people, whether for the prosecution or the reverse, is certainly remarkable; but a large number of persons were summoned to the trial, and people are bound to die when their time comes, whether concerned in a criminal proceeding or not.

Catholic Young Men's Society.

Great interest was manifested in the annual election of officers of the Catholic Young Men's Society of St. James' parish, which took place Monday evening, at the society's club rooms, No. 2807 Wabash avenue. Following are the officers elected:

President, John McGrath; vice-president, John J. Shanley; custodian, Jerry Gudgeon; financial secretary, Charles J. Taffe; recording secretary, William B. Dorney; corresponding secretary, James J. Barrett; treasurer, Thomes Coffee; dramatic manager, George Birmingham; librarian, Daniel Collins; board of directors, W. V. O'Connell, J. J. Shanley, W. L. O'Connell, J. J. Edgeworth, P. V. Burke.

MR. DILLON TO MR. KILLELEA.

NO. 2 NORTH GREAT GEORGE'S ST., DUBLIN, Jan. 5.—*Editor of The Citizen, Chicago—Sir:* My attention has been directed to a letter from Mr. James Killelea published in your issue of Dec. 3. In this letter Mr. Killelea comments upon a cablegram which purports to give an extract from a speech delivered by me at Strokestown in the county Roscommon on the 29th of November last.

I would urge upon all friends of Ireland in the United States to pay no attention to, or at least to form no definite judgment on, cablegrams purporting to give news from Ireland. They are generally misleading, and frequently false; and I am sorry to say that I fear they are in some instances constructed by men in a spirit of deliberate hostility to the Irish cause. A distorted passage from a long speech, with no reference to the context or to the circumstances under which the speech is delivered, is certainly a very unsafe basis on which to form a judgment; and I would point out to Mr. Killelea, and to others who think like him among our countrymen in the United States, that the main issue—in fact the only serious issue that I know of—between the two parties now existing in Ireland is, that we are in favor of National reunion, and hold that it is the duty of all Irish Nationalists to unite on a common platform for the advancement of the cause, and those who are at present unhappily opposed to us insist upon the maintenance of two parties, and will not consent to a reunion of the national forces. This being the state of the case, I think that Mr. Killelea will allow that I was perfectly justified in saying that the Irishmen of America and Australia approved of our policy.

I shall only add in reference to the allusion to the Paris fund contained in Mr. Killelea's letter, that I have for the last year done everything in my power to secure this fund for the use of the evicted tenants, and that we have good reason to hope that this object has at length been achieved, and that a settlement will be arrived at before long under which the Paris fund will be released and devoted to the support of the evicted tenants. Yours sincerely,

JOHN DILLON.

SALUTAMUS—CHICAGO—1892.

BY ANNA FITZ-GERALD.

Hail! beauteous year that standest at time's gates,
The latch within thy hold,
Unconscious that a world on tiptoe waits
To greet thee as the fairest of all dates
Since pristine age of gold.

Thou art the century's blossom, on thy head
Its diadem is placed:
The past has strewn its banners 'neath thy tread,
And with the future's record's still unread
Thy gentle hand is graced.

An empress thou whom hoary monarchs own,
Sweet daughter of old time!
Thy birth is still plebian, yet thy throne
Thou suitest well; thy father's realm has grown
Into a trust sublime.

Imperial city, Mecca of the West,
To which all footsteps turn.
Mightier than Rome, thine infant eagle's crest
Out-towers her veteran bird, while on thy breast
No blood spots stain and burn.

The ship of nations bends its stately prow,
Its million flags unfurled.
Unto thy port, thine empire to avow,
For, like fair Venus of old fable, thou
Hast won the golden apple of the world.

—*Chicago Herald.*

The Best Authorities.

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cures catarrh.

CONDEMNS MR. TIM HEALY.

The following timely article from the Newcastle, Eng., *Leader* (Liberal) ought to have a good effect in Ireland:

"Some time ago we took pains especially to press upon the leaders of the two Irish parties the desirability of reconciliation. We did not do so because we ourselves believe that any harm can come to the cause of liberty or of progress in Ireland itself by having two parties on the Nationalist side. On the contrary, division of opinion in the ranks of the majority is calculated to insure fair discussion and freedom of opinion. We did so because great harm is being done, has been already done in this country by the spectacle of men in substantial agreement with each other waging internecine war for objects that are not the highest. Before Home Rule can be established, English opinion, even English prejudices, must be conciliated and overcome. Nothing has contributed more to make this task difficult than what has been called the 'Irish split.'

"It is forgotten how much the Liberal party were responsible for that division, and nothing remains in the average elector's mind except the division itself. It cannot be denied that the part the Irish priests played during the late general election, and the strifes of Mr. Healy and his opponents, are together seriously retarding the Home Rule movement. The law has dealt promptly and effectively with priestly intimidation in Ireland just as it has dealt firmly with bribery and corruption in England. But the division between the two sections remain as wide and deep as ever. In response to our suggestion of amity *United Ireland* promptly replied with a *non possumus* so long as Irishmen on the side of the majority used language that was insulting and intolerable to the minority, and so long as it was necessary for a party in Ireland to be independent of English party influences. We have restated these facts now in order to be able to say that the contribution of Mr. Healy to the cause of peace is not likely to advance it greatly. The references in his speech of Sunday afternoon to the men who have stood by the memory of Mr. Parnell were in the worst possible taste, showed the worst possible feeling, and are calculated to have the worst possible effect.

"Even if it were true to say the Parnellites had all the blackguards on their side, that they had no able men, and that they were a set of mediocrities—even if all these allegations were true, it was not necessary to make one of them. As a matter of fact they are not true, and there is not an Irishman but knows that they are not true. It is meaningless and reckless offensiveness such as this which makes reconciliation impossible, and which gives point to the suggestion that if it was necessary for Mr. Parnell to retire for the sake of Ireland, a similar necessity is not inapplicable to Mr. Healy himself. We should have had some difficulty in meeting the objections of *United Ireland* and of the *Irish Daily Independent*, even if Mr. Healy had not spoken. We shall not attempt to meet them now. We are, however, entitled to ask those who are in the majority to moderate their language towards the minority. If the Parnellites are the poor creatures they are represented to be in this unfortunate and regretable speech, surely it were possible to let them alone. Mr. Healy makes much of the welfare and the cause of Ireland, but he does that cause a poor service by these ill-natured and unjust contentions. He talks about statesmanship, but this is simple shrewishness."

SOCIAL EVENTS.

A Dancing Party.

Miss Agnes Dunne, of No. 398 Ashland boulevard, gave a dancing party Thursday evening, Feb. 19. It was in honor of Miss Grace McDonald and Mr. Ernest T. Ross, of Montreal, who are to be married Jan. 30. Roses, calla lilies, and palms formed the decorations in the pretty rooms reserved for dancing. Pink and white were the colors in the dining-rooms—pink lampshades, pink carnations, pink ribbons tinting and mingling with satiny damask, cut glass and silver. Supper was served by Johnson. Fifteen couples danced to the sweet strains of Pound's parlor orchestra. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith, Jr. Misses Grace McDonald, Ruth Smith, Birdie McDonald, L. Reilly, Mamie Hopkins, Boone, Ia.; L. Waldersdorf, G. Jordon, Dixon, Ill.; Adine Buckley, Tillie Franchere, Eliza Reilly, Emily Franchere, Hattie Donohue, C. Lukley, Emma Wright, Sarah Hickey, Agnes Bremner, Etta Enright. Messrs. W. F. Donohue, J. M. Duffy, Eugene Keeley, J. W. Donohue, David Bremner, Jr., A. Waldersdorf, J. P. Enright, J. M. Poor, Edward Kinsella, S. A. T. Loftus, Philadelphia; George Knowles, T. Rooney, Dr. Francisco Rucarado, A. McDonald, Ernest T. Ross, Montreal.

Illinois Club Musicale.

The Illinois Club gave a musicale last Tuesday evening at its club house. There was a very large attendance of members, their families and friends, and a delightful programme was artistically rendered by the Singer Mandolin Quartette, the Freiberg String Quartette, Miss Electa Gifford, H. Wiesenbach, Miss Myrtle Duell, Joseph Singer and Miss Anna Millar. The whist tables down stairs were well patronized. From 10 o'clock refreshments were served in the dining room, the tea tables being handsomely decorated with La France roses and calla lilies, while upon the mantels were great banks of Easter lilies. The whole club house was elaborately decorated with ferns and potted plants. After the audience had dispersed from the musicale, the younger members enjoyed a dance in the art gallery until a late hour.

West Side Assemblies.

The fifth of a series of enjoyable dances was given by the West Side Assemblies at No. 164 Warren street on Tuesday evening. Owing to entertainments by other clubs the attendance was not as large as on former occasions, but all present enjoyed themselves exceedingly. Among those in attendance were noticed Messrs. and Mesdames J. J. Byrne, F. G. Hartwell, George E. Spry, George E. Marcy, Fred K. Pulsifer, O. W. Holmes, W. J. Mayer, F. E. Winans, George W. Hoyt, F. McFarland. Misses Martha and Annie Sinclair, Racine, Wis., Anna Abbot, Irene Smith, Ruth Taylor, Edith England, Edith Hoyt, Stella Goodwillie, Belle Pinkerton, Reta Lorton, Nebraska City, Neb., Nellie Eagle, Dorothy Frink, M. Miles, Omaha, Neb. Messrs. J. P. Stewart, R. M. Stewart, W. F. Monroe, M. W. Hartwell, R. Schuttler, R. S. Hotz, Bert Weeks, F. Ziegfeld, Jr., Earl Smith, Fred Champlin, W. J. McNally, George J. Powell, W. Elmer Pond, F. M. Witbeck, Albert Pyott.

A Happy Anniversary.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the *Courrier de l'Illinois* was celebrated on Tuesday evening in Apollo Hall on Thirteenth street. The hall was handsomely draped in the national colors of France and America. Editor Grandpre was presented with purses by the French residents of Chicago and Kankakee. A ball and supper followed. The toast of "The United States" was responded to by Ald. John O'Neill.

Sleighing Parties.

Mr. George W. Dixon, of No. 3131 Michigan avenue, gave a sleighing party Saturday evening. There were twelve couples. After enjoying a pleasant ride to Jackson Park the party returned to Mr. Dixon's home and partook of refreshments. Those present were the Misses Bessie Chase, Marion Martin, Ruth Palmer, Annie Wangemann, Celia Cudahy, Beatrice Harding, Emma Carson, Kate H. Dixon, Clara L. Dixon and Annette McDoel. Messrs. Bert Martin, Bert Roler, A. S. Carson, Charles Murray Thomas J. Dixon, Frank Coler, L. Burtnett, A. McClaughry, Jay Smith and George W. Dixon.

The young society people of Auburn Park gave a jolly sleighing party Saturday night to the Lexington Hotel, where they enjoyed a supper and a dance. Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames W. C. Carpenter and Exley, Misses Hattie Donohue, G. Jordan, Evans, Eliza De Horvoth, Viola Halls, Miller, B. Whitlesley, Agnes Dunne, Hoffmann, Haynes, Reymers, Brown, and Grace Halla. Messrs. W. Donohue, S. T. A. Loftus, E. Pennock, S. Hicks, Joseph McFadden, F. Wayman, T. Curtis, Parker, M. A. Donohue, Jr., E. Carpenter, G. Haynes, J. W. Donohue, E. T. Donohue.

Miss Mulligan's Card Party.

Miss Alice Mulligan, of No. 190 Pine street, gave the second of two progressive euchre parties Tuesday for Mrs. C. R. Sherlock, of Syracuse, N.Y. Miss Mulligan was assisted by her mother, Mrs. James A. Mulligan, and her sister, Mrs. John C. Carroll. Miss Mulligan wore a gown of heliotrope cloth combined with velvet. Mrs. Sherlock was attired in black satin, combined with black lace and blue velvet.

Mrs. Sheahan's Reception and Dinner.

Mrs. John S. Sheahan, No. 420 Chicago avenue, gave a reception on Wednesday afternoon from 3 until 6 o'clock. The reception was followed by a dinner to ten young people. Mrs. Green assisted Mrs. Sheahan at the reception. Mrs. Sheahan's gown was cream-colored crepe, with sleeves and trimming of apple-green velvet. Mrs. Green wore black silk. The decorations in the parlors were pink la France roses. The dining-room was decorated with maiden-hair ferns and white hyacinths. Tea was passed in the afternoon by Miss Niblock, in pink and black; Miss Emma Niblock, in gray silk, covered with white silk bolting cloth; Miss Mae Sullivan, in white crystal silk; Miss Catherine Prindiville, in white silk, and Miss Adelaide Walsh, in white silk crepe, pink striped. Over 250 cards were issued.

Among those present were: Mesdames Chas. Anthony, H. R. Green, Jr., Morris Sellers, Dr. Henrotin, Rudolph Ortman, F. Dehaven-Ketcham, Jas. Walsh, T. C. Whitgreen, John Woodward, Abner Dalrymple, C. E. Scribner, P. L. Sherman, R. S. Tuthill, Jewett Ricker, E. O. Brown, J. C. Carroll, E. O. Chase, U.S. Davis, Theodore Dickinson, N. Paxton, Joseph Gary, L. W. Purse, Mulligan, Milsted. Misses West, Prindiville, Mulligan, I. Prindiville, Hooley, Jaeger, Jamieson, Gary, L. Gary, Cook, Chapman, Denison.

The dinner following the reception was given for the young ladies of the receiving party. The dishes were of pale green and the decorations of green also. Covers were laid for twelve. Those present were: Misses Adelaide Walsh, Niblock, Emma Niblock, Mae Sullivan, Kate Prindiville. Messrs. Wallace Purse, William Riach, William Sheahan, George Anuther, Alfred McCune.

Mrs. David Sullivan, No. 4283 Langley avenue, will give a progressive euchre party at her residence, Monday afternoon, Jan. 30.

Mrs. T. A. Moran and Miss Moran were at home Tuesday afternoon from 4 until 6 o'clock at their residence, No. 4710 Vincennes avenue.

Mrs. J. C. Carroll, No. 190 Pine street, gave a second of two card parties Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock for Mrs. Sherlock of Syracuse, N.Y. Fifty guests were present.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities St. Paul and Minneapolis. They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

H. M. HAYDEN KILLED.

Run Over by a Wagon and Dies in a Few Minutes.

Herbert M. Hayden, 68 years old, chief clerk in the auditor's office of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, was fatally injured Thursday evening of last week at the corner of State and South Water streets. He was struck and knocked down by a wagon belonging to the Chicago Fire Proof and Covering Company, and received injuries from which he died within half an hour. The driver, H. J. Higgins, was arrested and locked up at the Armory on a charge of assault. Officer J. B. Shea, of the Central Station, was standing on the opposite side of the street when the accident happened and hastened to the aged man's assistance. Mr. Hayden was breathing with difficulty, and those who were standing at his side realized almost at a glance that death would soon result. He was unable to speak, and for that reason his identity was not at once known. An ambulance was called, but Mr. Hayden died while being taken to Mercy hospital. He resided at No. 4016 Drexel avenue with his wife and son.

It is probably not the coldest weather you ever knew in your life; but that is how you feel just now, because past sufferings are soon forgotten, and because your blood needs the enriching, invigorating influence of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the Superior Medicine.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Wanted.

An industrious Catholic lady or gentleman to represent our new book just published. "The Columbian Jubilee, or, Four Centuries of Catholicity in America." Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. Write for circulars and all information to the publishers.

J. S. HYLAND & CO.,
323-325 Dearborn, street, Chicago, Ill.

JOHN T. O'CONNELL,

88 Washington-st, Chicago.

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.

BUILDING LOANS A SPECIALTY.

Special Attention Given to the Interests of Non-Residents.

HENRY N. STOLTENBERG,

Attorney-at-Law,

ROOM 809 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,

112 CLARK STREET

CHICAGO.

FORMERLY WITH WINDES & SULLIVAN.

GLASS! GLASS!

Kinsella Glass Company

6 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Manufacturers of all descriptions of Ornamental, including Bevelled Mirror Plates and Ornamental Stained Glass. Memorial Windows for Churches a Specialty. Designs and prices furnished on application.

Leddy's Society Halls,

Cor. Wentworth Av. and Thirty first St.

Two Splendid Halls, 60x38 and 45x38, newly built, with all modern improvements.

READY JANUARY 1, 1893.

To Rent for Concerts, Lodge Meetings, Lectures, &c. The Most Central Location on the South Side. Three blocks west from State street cable.

PETER LEDDY,
Cor. Wentworth-av. and 31st st.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

John Naghten & Co,

AGENTS

VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF RICHMOND, VA.

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 923

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,

Cor. Wells & Huron Sts.

Classes Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, admission 25c; private lessons $1; dancing every Sunday night under the management of FRANKEL & BERGHART

Lodge Halls to Rent

THE [illegible] SCHOOL.

Two little boys and I, going school
Near Union Square,
I pass on morning, as a rule,
And now and then we meet.

The humble house is small and low;
Its walls are rude and bare,
And yet I loiter by, for, oh,
It seems so peaceful there!

I never liked to go to school;
I always rather play;
I hate laws kind of rule,
And sometimes run away.

But when I pass that little door
And breathe that holy air
I want to be a boy once more
And learn my lesson there.

Oh, little nuns, with wimples white
And hearts of purest gold,
My soul is troubled sore tonight;
My heart is growing cold.

Oh, little nuns of sable dress
And souls of drifting snow,
Teach me the way of righteousness,
And I can learn, I know.
—A. B. Paine in Harper's Weekly.

SIOUX GRATITUDE.

It was during an encampment of the Alabama state troops that the writer first met Major Raymond, of the —— United States cavalry. He had accepted an invitation to meet some of the gentlemen of Mobile, who by request had selected the cool, spacious quarter deck of the white cruiser, snugly protected with awnings, as a suitable and comfortable spot wherein to smoke a cigar, sip a glass of brandy and to spin a yarn 'neath the cheering influences of "Auld Lang Syne."

Major Bob Crawford, of the Confederate veterans, had dodged the issue involved in a request for a reminiscence, but had compromised on an exhibition of his occult powers, to the no small wonderment and edification of the assembled group of gentlemen. The last round of applause had died away, and found an answering echo in the clear, ringing notes of the ship's bugle, as the notes trilled forth with the tap of the bell, proclaiming 8 o'clock p. m., and Major Raymond, snipping the ashes from his "Concha," volunteered his portion of the entertainment by offering an incident connected with a brother officer:

It is somewhat singular withal how gentlemen reared in the lap of luxury and refinement and grounded in all the scientific attainments of West Point can submit so easily to hardship and irksome duties of which only those who have served on the wild frontier can have but the slightest conception.

Did you ever meet Lieutenant Colonel Nat Ross of ours? Well, he is a splendid fellow, every inch a soldier, and, at the same time the incident occurred which I am about to relate, was the senior captain of the regiment. He was in command of a company at Old Man's Gulch, where there was a miserable, squalid town, boasting of but one street, along which the hastily constructed huts and shanties of the inhabitants had been erected. An unusual crowd had congregated in front of a groggery, attracting the officer's attention, composed of gamblers, miners, desperadoes, greasers, soldiers and a sprinkling of camp followers common to such localities.

The captain, who was in frontiersman rig—slouched hat, flannel shirt and pants tucked in his boots—forced his way through the throng to ascertain what was the occasion of the crowd.

Two half drunken cattle tenders, armed with stout formidable bullthongs, had edged into an angle of a building the tall, lithe but masculine figure of a young Sioux Indian. He was barely eighteen years of age apparently, and, from the eagle's feather twisted in his dark scalp lock, was evidently the son of a chief.

His blanket was drawn tightly around him, his eyes, black as a raven's wing, blazed with excitement and suppressed passion as, silent, erect and motionless, he faced the two brutes who, with knives and the keen, cutting thongs of bullhide, had brought the Indian stripling to bay, much to the delight of the low, depraved denizens of the place, who were eternally on the lookout either for rum or a general row.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded the captain as he strode between the bullies and their chosen victim. "What are you doing with the Indian lad?"

"What's that to you?" muttered one of them, who failed to recognize the officer, so intent was he upon worrying the "durned redskin."

"It is this much to me," replied the soldier in clear, measured tones. "Let the lad alone. He is but one against you all. And as for you, men, retire to your quarters at once. Do you hear?"

"Get out of the way, you rawboned tenderfoot, or I'll give you a taste of this," and one of them flourished his bullhide in swooping circles about the officer's head.

Now, Ross, at the academy and in the regiment, was accounted one of the best all around gymnasts and boxers belonging to the corps, and his training, with muscles developed like springs of steel, coupled with a stature of six feet in his socks, made him a foeman worthy of the best borderer that ever handled pick or rifle.

Like a flash of lightning the captain's arm shot out straight from the shoulder. One, two and biff, bang, a yell, and two awkward, clumsy forms suddenly rolled in the alkali dust. Seizing one of the bullthongs the irate soldier applied it vigorously to the writhing forms of the two ruffians, who howled and cursed alternately as the lash stung their flesh. The mob howled its approval. The captain cast the bullthong from him, and, motioning to the Indian to follow him, strode toward his quarters without once glancing over his shoulder.

During the entire scene the young Indian had not attempted to leave the spot. He had watched keenly every motion of his champion, and his swarthy cheek assumed a brighter and more vivid tinge.

Tendering the Sioux a silver dollar, the soldier added a few words of friendly advice, bidding him leave the town, which with its vices was no place for him. But with a rapid gesture the Indian swept the coin aside and seized the broad hand of the surprised captain, which he placed over his heart. The large, lustrous eyes of the Indian spoke volumes as they gazed straight into the captain's, and with the guttural words, "We are brothers—I shall remember," turned and stalked rapidly away without further demonstration.

A year rolled by, and the captain with his regiment was on duty in the Yellowstone valley, where the Sioux were reported as acting suspiciously, the young bucks especially showing a restless spirit, with all the indications of their early appearance on the warpath.

The captain had always been fond of the pleasures of the chase, and it was while on a trip after game that he found himself hopelessly entangled and completely lost amid the towering crests and lofty hills of a spur forming a portion of the Belt range.

Debouching upon the banks of a broad but shallow stream, he came suddenly upon an Indian encampment that was on the opposite side. From his point of observation the soldier could make out a number of braves walking about and an occasional squaw engaged in her duties about the camp. Hungry, tired and cold, for it was getting late in the season, Ross resolved to secure the friendly offices of a guide, if possible, and return to his command, from which he had already absented himself longer than prudence or regulations warranted.

Riding down to a point directly opposite the camp he hailed repeatedly, but no one within the limits of the array of tents took the slightest notice of him. Nettled, as well as impatient, at such cool indifference, the captain forded the stream and rode into the camp.

No one spoke to the soldier; not a buck condescended to pay the slightest attention to his inquiries relative to the location he was in or the chances of obtaining a guide. Grimly silent and sullen, they turned their backs or retreated within the smoky recesses of their tepees.

Ross had been on the frontier for many years, was well acquainted with the habits of the savages, understood a variety of the Indian dialects, and was looked upon as one of the most accomplished scouts and fighters in the service. It did not require a second glance to convince the officer that he was in grave danger. He realized that his presence in that camp was not welcome, and he would gave given much to have been safely back on the other side of the broad running stream. But pride and his reputation would scarcely permit his turning hastily from them or attempting any movement that could be construed by the redskins into a confession of alarm or a retreat.

Reining up his roan in the shadow of a large tent, he deliberated for a moment upon the best course to pursue. Ere he had formed any plan an Indian warrior, in full warpaint and regalia, suddenly issued from the folds of the tepee, confronting the officer with a stern, forbidding aspect.

"What seeks the paleface who has come here unbidden?"

"Shelter, food and a guide to the white man's camp," was the response.

The Sioux motioned for him to dismount, and, throwing his bridle rein over a projecting bough of a tree, Ross passed into the interior of the council tent and was immediately made a prisoner, but not bound. Surrounded by numbers of well armed warriors, he realized that the slightest attempt on his part to effect an escape would result at once in the loss of his life.

Sitting amid the dusky throng he listened to the talk of the council. His fate was soon decided. He was to die the next morning at sunrise—tied to a stake and burned to death, the first offering dedicated to the opening campaign, and esteemed particularly propitious as an indication of their success on the warpath, inasmuch as the victim was one of the despised and hated "Long Knives."

One by one the warriors filed out of the council, leaving the captain solitary and alone. No attempt to bind him was made. It was impossible for him to escape from the limits of the camp. Throwing himself on a pile of buffalo skins the prisoner gave himself up to reflection and thought. To die at the hands of such miscreants, to fill a nameless grave, his fate enshrouded in mystery—what an ending to his brilliant hopes and aspirations! What a finale to his military career!

The soft patter of a moccasin foot and a dark shadow falling athwart the rude seat upon which he reclined attracted the captain's attention. Glancing up, he beheld standing beside him a well proportioned warrior, arrayed in full warpaint, with his tawny locks bedecked with feathers. Silent and motionless as a statue, the Indian gazed at the officer for fully a minute, and Ross, unable to subdue a feeling of extreme nervousness, rose to his feet.

"Does the Long Knife remember me?" the Indian demanded.

The captain shook his head, glancing hastily at the hideously painted face before him. His thoughts were not upon bedecked braves just at that time; he was brooding over the horrible fate which in a few hours would stare him in the face.

"The red man never forgets. Listen, for my words are few." And placing the right hand of Ross upon his broad chest, he continued: "Twelve moons ago I said we were brothers—ugh—good!" for with a start the incident of the Sioux youth and the two cattle herders flashed across his brain. "I am the brave—you remember now; well, Indian remember too. Tonight when the new moon comes out above high peak the best horse of the Sioux shall be outside lodge. Jump through opening and ride for your life. Indian never forgets." And ere Ross could recover from his surprise he was alone with the deepening shadows of approaching night, all closing rapidly about him.

A wild flush of hope, a rekindling of the old spirit of recklessness, took possession of the soldier, driving from his heart the dull feeling of despair which had required a tremendous effort on his part to conceal from his wily foe. Although the chances might be against him, there would at least remain a fighting prospect—a forlorn hope—that success might crown the effort. He could at least die struggling for his life, while, bound to the stake, there could be but one termination to it all. His eyes brightened, the blood coursed rapidly through his veins, and he stopped occasionally to peer through the opening, the flaps of which had been carelessly thrown together.

One by one the stars made their appearance in the clear blue heavens, against which the bold, jagged outlines of the mountain ranges were sharply outlined. Within the camp comparative quiet and stillness reigned, unbroken save by the occasional yelp of an Indian dog skulking about the outskirts. Cautiously reconnoitering from his point of observation, the captain glanced about him, but could detect no inmate of the camp stirring within range of his vision. His prospects for making a bold dash for liberty were good, and his spirits kept pace to the fever of excitement which coursed through his veins like so much liquid fire.

Like a gleam of silver silhouetted against the scintillating background, the thin crescent moon suddenly shot into view from behind the shaggy peak. It caught the eye of the expectant soldier as he loitered close to the opening, and his heart gave a bound as his highly strung ear detected a slight scraping sound at the rear of the tepee. The gleam of a keen knife glittered for a moment in the uncertain light as it silently but rapidly cut its way through the buffalo skins, and Ross realized that the Sioux had kept his faith—had performed all that was possible for him to accomplish, and the balance remained with himself.

His nerves were braced like steel as he prepared for the supreme effort. Delaying a moment to enable the Indian to make good his escape, the captain, with his heart beating fast and furious, sprang lightly through the slot, found himself beside a magnificent specimen of horseflesh, vaulted onto his back, plied the spurs, and with the speed of a whirlwind rushed from between the tents, through the encampment, scattering the countless Indian dogs right and left as he galloped straight for the river ford.

There was a savage yell of astonishment and alarm, a ringing shot, a pack of howling dogs snapping at his mettlesome charger's heels, followed by a few straggling rifle shots as the startled braves sprang forth, scarcely realizing that their victim had eluded their grasp.

In a trice the entire camp was aroused; each tepee had been emptied of its occupants, while a score of dusky figures, shouting like demons, leaped on to their horses, starting in hot pursuit of the prisoner, who had disappeared in the dark shadows of the overhanging hills.

Giving his steed the rein, he reached the opposite side of the river unscathed. Then for the first time, in the excitement and hurry attending his flight, the soldier noticed strapped to the neck of his horse was a Winchester repeating rifle. One glance sufficed to assure him that it was ready for use, for fortunately, perhaps, he had no occasion to use it upon his pursuers.

It required no urging from him for the noble animal to put forth its best efforts, and with the speed of a bird the spirited horse flew onward, easily distancing the horde of yelling pursuers. Across the sandy, level plain, through sagebrush and stinging nettles, winding about the base of outlying hills, the captain pursued his way, and ere daylight dawned all sound of pursuit had died away, leaving the fugitive surrounded by the valleys and risings of the lofty mountain range.

It was three days before he struck a familiar trail leading to Gomez pass, and both horse and rider were well nigh exhausted before they finally succeeded in gaining camp. It was a joyful reunion, for Ross had been given up as dead by his companions, with whom he was deservedly popular.

There was no time lost by the command in following up the war band of Sioux, but the wily, subtle game had fled, and when the river ford was reached by the cavalrymen the Indians had disappeared. But Ross still retains that horse, and I doubt if there is gold enough in the bowels of the Black Hills to win him from his owner.—Captain H. D. Smith in True Flag.

New York's Fifth Avenue.

An English resident in New York announces his intention to write a pamphlet on Fifth avenue. After a study of great cities in all parts of the world he says that Fifth avenue is the only street on earth that is representative of all a great city's varied interests. Some streets in foreign cities have handsome private dwellings, beautiful clubhouses and showy retail shops, but none has all these, together with churches, great hotels, large retail houses and splendid parks. No other that can show half of these things is one-third as long as Fifth avenue. The Englishman's only sorrow is that his favorite throughfare has no theater, but he looks for that to come in time.—New York Sun.

The Talk of Two Women.

They were speaking of a certain well known divine who, in addition to his church work, was teaching in a theological school.

"He's been having exegesis over at Cambridge this winter, I believe," remarked the superior looking woman in the English walking hat and tailor made gown.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the little one in furs and feathers as she arranged her violets. "Dear me! but not seriously, I hope?"—New York World.

Michael Angelo's Attempt at Suicide.

Michael Angelo, after receiving a painful injury to his leg by falling from a scaffold while at work upon "The Last Judgment," became so melancholy that he shut himself in his room, refused to see any one and "resolved to let himself die." Fortunately his intentions were frustrated by the celebrated physician, Bacio Rontini, who learned by accident of his condition.—Dr. Charles W. Pilgrim in Popular Science Monthly.

SHE IS A CRACK SHOT.

MISS MOLLIE MORGAN KILLS MANY GEESE EVERY SEASON.

She Is a California Girl, and She Killed Nearly Ten Thousand Geese on the Wing in One Year—The Bounty on the Slaughtered Animals Was Considerable.

Miss Mollie Morgan is probably as pretty a girl as ever blossomed on the Colusa plains, and is decidedly more distinguished as a rifle shot than any other of her sex in California.

She can tell stories of her work in shooting geese that would make the most credulous doubtful unless he heard the adventures from her own lips.

"Do you want to meet the greatest girl shooter in the world?" asked Michael Francis Donleavy.

The desire of meeting such a noted personage was readily admitted, and in a few moments she was found in the hotel at the corner of Fifth and Mission streets.

She was in the parlor standing before a window and gazing out upon the dismal prospect as the rain fell in torrents. While approaching her it was noticed that she had her arms up as if she were in the attitude of firing at something with a gun.

When addressed Miss Mollie turned suddenly around, and on being introduced she blushed deeply and laughed, saying:

"You have caught me in the act."

"And what act is that?"

"Oh, of shooting geese. This is the time of the year that we shoot geese up in Colusa, and I should be there to help."

"Do you shoot geese?"

"Certainly. I have been a shotgun and rifle shot since I was twelve years of age."

"And you are now—ah, beg pardon." And her interviewer was thinking of blushing when she stopped the rush of blood to his cheeks by replying:

"Seventeen. That's all right. It's no transgression with me to inquire my age. You are a reporter and want to know something about herding geese in Colusa, your friend says," she rattled away in the most composed manner. "Well," she resumed thoughtfully, "it is lots of fun for me at least, but I've never met a real live reporter before. I suppose, though, they are no worse than millions of other geese that I have met. But then I had a gun."

Her father came in at this juncture, and hearing the last remark laughed. Several other people also laughed.

Fearing that she might get a gun Miss Mollie was quickly asked:

"Did you say millions?"

"Exactly," was the answer. "Don't be alarmed at that. I'm inside the limit, because I have it down to a mathematical certainty. I have seen over 5,000 acres covered with them, and estimating 1,000 birds to the acre, there would be 5,000,000, and I am putting it low, because I do not want to be accused of exaggeration.

"You won't," was the only response that her questioner could summon up as her large black eyes sparkled with merriment at the amazement she had produced.

"That's right," chimed in the proud father. "Now, Mollie, tell him what you did last year."

"Yes, sir; but it may not be believed. You see, I now shoot a rifle altogether—a Winchester. Formerly I used a shotgun, but soon learned by experience that I could not get in range. The object of course was simply to keep the geese off the growing grain.

"My father hired four men to do this, paying them thirty-five dollars a month for their services. They used old army muskets loaded with shot. It was seldom that any of the men ever killed a goose. All they wanted to do was to frighten them. When the bounty was offered by the county for the head of each goose I adopted the Winchester. Father paid me twenty dollars a month, and I sold my heads to the county at the rate of two cents per head.

"Last year was my largest record. The season began in November and, as usual, lasted 3½ months or thereabouts. During that time I herded every day, and I killed 9,855 geese. I wanted to make even $200 in bounty money, but could not quite reach that sum. This year I expected to do better, but now I have lost three days because I had to come down here and help father to do some business."

With this last remark Miss Mollie, or Mary Elizabeth Morgan, as she writes it on the back of her photographs, heaved a sigh. "But I will be up there tomorrow."

"That is a large sized story, Miss Mollie," was suggested. "It would be awful to ask you how many you ever killed at one shot."

"I really could not tell," was the reply. "I have crept up through a swale or waterway onto acres of geese and emptied my entire sixteen shots into the flock before they got out of range."

"And you picked up"——

"Just sixty-seven. You know sometimes one shot went through half a dozen of them. That is the largest work I ever did without reloading. When there is a small flock I do some fancy shooting by taking their heads off. I can do that forty-nine times out of fifty at the range of 100 yards.

"If you don't believe it come up there and we'll show you. Get off at Maxwell and it's only seven miles. We'll treat you well."—San Francisco Call.

Perhaps He Broke It on Purpose.

"I was at the theater the other night," said a pretty woman, "and I wore a big hat too. In the midst of the performance the chair of the man who sat behind me broke down, and he and his companion changed their seats. Of course those in the immediate neighborhood understood the reason for their moving, but I know, by the way everybody else smiled, that the audience in general believed that they had left in order to get out of the shade of my hat."—Buffalo Courier.

Curious Experiments in High Air.

Nearly 100 years ago, in 1794, M. Boit and Gay-Lussac, the pioneer balloonists, conducted the most remarkable series of high air experiments ever known. Although ballooning was in its infancy at the time, the facts proved by those intrepid navigators of the air have been of inestimable value to all later investigators. They took domestic animals and birds of various kinds along with them for the purpose of taking notes on the effect which the extreme cold and rarified air would have on such creatures. They were also well provided with various scientific instruments and other suitable apparatus. The first experimental ascension carried them and their cargo to a height of 13,000 feet.

At 8,000 feet the animals and birds seemed to all be in normal condition; at 10,000 all were breathing very rapidly. When the barometer showed that a height of 11,000 feet had been attained a pigeon was liberated, or rather thrown from the basket, for it fell like a lump of lead, being utterly unable to flap a wing on account of the rarified state of the air at that altitude. Gay-Lussac had a normal pulse beat of 62 per minute; at 11,000 feet this had increased to 80. When on terra firma Boit's beat at 79 per minute and 111 when the 11,000-foot level was reached.—St. Louis Republic.

What We Eat.

"Many thieves go down Red lane" is a homely saying, but within its proverb-like garb there lurks an idea which is worth brief consideration. The red lane is the throat, and it was purposed by the Creator as the pathway by which those things that are good for food might supply the strength and repair the waste of the human machine. But, alas! how many thieves that rob the power, unnerve the strength and increase the waste of vitality come in—some boldly, with our knowledge, and others slyly and unaware. Intemperance in food or drink, or even in drugs whose quality if rightly used is remedial, can convert each and all of them into thieves, robbing the user either savagely and without quarter in brigand style, or bit by bit like a sneak thief.

The truth that there cannot be a healthful, vigorous manhood or womanhood unless the body be well nourished has caused many to forget that there is a mind and soul to be fed as well, and has enlarged the feeding of the physical powers to a place beyond its rightful deserts. Such people need to be reminded that it is not all of life to eat.—Harper's Bazar.

A Relic of a Bygone Day.

The great wall of China has outlived its usefulness. The powerful Tartar and Mongol hordes, whose sudden raids and invasions it was built to resist, are no more to be feared. The great Genghis and Kublai could not lead their people to gory conquest now as they did centuries ago. The Chinese civilization has endured, while the once conquering Mongols, the people who in their brightest days established an empire from the Black sea to the China coast, and a court at Peking of such luxury and splendor as Marco Polo described, are now doomed to pass away, leaving nothing behind them but the traditions and records and ruins of a brilliant past.

The wall stands as a sharp line of division between the tribes of the north and the Chinese. The latter, though repeatedly subdued and forced to bear a foreign yoke, have shown an irrepressible vitality to rise like a phœnix, and to reassert their supremacy and the superiority of their civilization.—Romyn Hitchcock in Century.

The Prayer She Wanted.

"The humorous annals of Episcopacy ought to be written up," said a Methodist woman. "They wouldn't hurt the church and would divert millions. Some Episcopalians, you know, imagine they can find a prayer for every event in life laid down in their precious ritual. When I was in Florida the baby girl of an Episcopal neighbor of mine was dreadfully scalded. I was sent for and found the household in great excitement, everybody running about, hunting for cotton, oil and other needed medicaments for the injured child. As I did not see the poor mother in the crowd working over the infant I searched for her and finally found her. She was in her parlor leaning over a table and wildly whirling the leaves of a large prayer book. As I approached she looked up with an agonized countenance and exclaimed excitedly:

"'Oh! What shall I do? I cannot find the prayer for the scalded baby! I can't find the prayer for the scalded baby!'"—Chicago Times.

A Watchmakers' Street.

Smartleigh—Now if all business in New York city were concentrated on certain streets—for instance, dyers on Dey street, bunko steerers on Jay street, florists on the Bowery, detectives on Center street, and so on—where would the jewelers and watchmakers go?

Dulleigh—I suppose on Minute street.

Smartleigh—Ah, but there is no Minute street.

Dulleigh—Oh, yes, there is.

Smartleigh—Out on you!

Dulleigh—How about Sixty-second?—Jewelers' Circular.

A Schoolmaster's Advice.

At the dinner given to F. Hopkinson Smith one of the speakers referred to the fact that their honored guest was known to some of his friends as Frank H. Smith. When Mr. McElroy was called upon he alluded to this fact, and said it reminded him of a piece of advice which one of his schoolmasters had given to the class. "Boys," said this pedagogue, "never part your name in the middle unless your name happens to be E Pluribus Unum."—New York World.

Answered at Last.

"What are the wild waves saying?" murmured the woman as she stood on the silver lining of the mighty main.

"Nothing, Maria," replied the man hoarsely. "They are like some people we know; they make a great deal of noise, but don't say anything."—Exchange.

HEALTH AND SQUALOR.

A Very Low Death Rate in the Most Crowded Ward in New York City.

"Appearances are sometimes deceptive and popular impressions erroneous," said Dr. Tracy, of the health department.

"What now?" I asked.

"I had a friend, a physician from Connecticut, call on me the other day. On one of his tramps about town he had strayed down in the Tenth ward, which is bounded by Division, Rivington and Norfolk streets and the Bowery. It is the banner tenement house ward of the city. There may be a dozen houses in which less than three families live, but most of the dwellings are double decked tenements, holding from twenty to sixty families to the house. Children swarm like bees, and it is probably the most densely populated spot in the United States, perhaps the globe. My friend thought that the mortuary record must be frightful.

"When I told him that it was about the most healthful district in New York, and with nearly the lowest death rate of any ward, he would scarcely believe me. Take the Nineteenth ward, between Fortieth and Eighty-sixth streets, east of Sixth avenue, which is mainly filled with the homes of the rich and well to do, the death rate is 21.82, while in the Tenth it but 18.73. The death rate in the old Ninth, or the 'village,' which contains but comparatively few tenements, is 23.34. The First, Fourth and Fourteenth are the three most unhealthful wards in the city, the rate being 35.02, 36.80 and 36.84 respectively. In the Twelfth ward, which comprises all of Manhattan Island north of Eighty-sixth street, and which contains the largest population, having within its borders about 225,000 souls, the rate is 19.28.

"As I said, a casual observer would consider the Tenth ward the most unhealthful in the city, owing to its crowded tenements and its geographical situation. The Twenty-first ward, bounded by Twenty-sixth street, Fortieth street, Sixth avenue and the East river, contains much of the aristocratic quarter of the town, but the death rate is 26.60. In fact, the Tenth ward, with its 60,000 Russian Jews and Germans, has the lowest death rate of any ward except the Third—a small ward, containing but 1,300 population, and whose death rate is 16.95."—New York Herald.

Sailed Without Her Husband.

An interesting story is told of Mr. and Mrs. Haggard while they were traveling in this country in the spring of 1891. It is said that while in Mexico, at Vera Cruz, they arranged to sail north along the Atlantic coast to New York. While waiting for the steamer Mr. Haggard took a small coasting boat and made several voyages up and down the Mexican seaboard in search of curiosities and traditions, and became so interested that he forgot the flight of time and the sailing day of his vessel.

Mrs. Haggard thought her husband had been captured for a ransom, but with the courage so characteristic of her felt certain that he would turn up all right somewhere; so when the steamer was ready to sail for New York she went aboard and proceeded on her way. When Mr. Haggard reached Vera Cruz and found neither steamer nor wife he took the railroad, and as fast as steam could take him returned to New York. There in the corridor of a hotel husband and wife were reunited.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Loading a Mississippi Steamboat.

They loaded the lower deck inside and out; they loaded her upper deck where the chairs for the passengers had seemed to be supreme, and then they loaded the roof over that deck and the side spaces until her sides were sunk low down near the river's surface, and she bristled at every point with boxes, bales, agricultural implements, brooms, carriages, bags, and, as the captain remarked, "Heaven only knows what she ain't got aboard her."

The mates roared; the negroes talked all the time or sung to rest their mouths; the boat kept settling in the water, and the mountains of freight swelled at every point. It was well said that twenty ordinary freight trains on a railroad would not carry as much freight as was stowed aboard of her, and I did not doubt the man who remarked to me that when such a boat, so laden, discharged her cargo loosely at one place it often made a pile bigger than the boat itself.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Grecian Sculptures.

The Greeks, who manifested the highest superiority in the most diverse branches, may be cited to prove the want of parallelism between the development of the various elements of civilization. Their literature was already brilliant in the Homeric epoch, but modern discoveries in archæology show that in the same period their sculptures were grossly barbaric and were simply crude imitations of Egyptian Assyrian work.—Gustave Le Bon in Popular Science Monthly.

An Intelligent Clerk.

In press cutting agents' offices it is the custom when a paragraph in the newspapers refers to any one to cut the paragraph out and send it to the person referred to, with an intimation that he will be supplied with further cuttings on such and such terms. The principal of one such office was very much horrified to find that a clerk had addressed a few cuttings to Dr. Johnson, Bolt court, Fleet street.—London Tit-Bits.

Brilliant Advice.

It was Count Montrond who said to Alexandre de Girardin of a young man who was beginning to make a brilliant reputation, and whom Girardin did not appreciate, "Hasten to recognize him or he will not recognize you."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Tumbler Pigeon.

Among recent breeds of pigeons is the parlor tumbler, which has not only lost the power of flight, but has very nearly lost that of walking as well. Its queer motions when it attempts to walk have given it its name, the tumbler.—Sports Afield.

HOW I LOVE HER.

Go, laughing, leaping, romping rill—
Go where my love is straying,
And in the pools, when you are still,
Then list to what she's saying,
And with the sunny, summer skies
Of azure arched above her,
Show her her own angelic eyes
And tell her how I love her.

Go, gentle winds, soft, sighing winds—
Go where my love is sleeping,
And be about her window blinds
And through the curtains creeping.
Weave in the wimples of her hair
The perfume of the clover;
Caress her face, so sweet and fair,
And tell her how I love her.
—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

A WAIF.

The great yard of the King George inn at Cornchester was almost emptied of men, horses and vehicles when Jeremiah Mott, the Willowmere carrier, entered it. It was then 8 o'clock of a winter evening, and nearly everybody had gone home from market. The stables of the King George were almost empty. In its accustomed corner stood old Farmer Scrooby's gray mare, but that was not unusual, seeing that Scrooby never went home until he had finished his "market day 'lowance."

He was sitting in the bar parlor just then, leisurely soaking his capacious body with gin and water, and the 'ostler knew that the gray mare would have to stand in its stall for a good hour yet. But it was something very unusual to see Jerry Mott's stout pony in the stables at that time, and the 'ostler was curious to know the reason of the carrier's delay. As a usual thing, Jeremiah was off and away before 6.

"Yew be late tonight, Master Mott," said the 'ostler as Jerry approached the stable door. "You'm away home afore this in general."

"Ah!" Jeremiah heaved a long sigh. "Ah! You be right, William: yes, you be right. Outward at 12 and inward at 6—them is my rule, as a hewsual thing—yes, oh, dear, yes."

"Well, yew be two hours late in goiny hinwards tonight, then, Master Mott, for 'tis 8 now by parish church clock."

"Ah, dear, yes!" said Jerry, helping the 'ostler to yoke the stout pony into the shafts of the carrier's cart. "But I was two hours late in startin from Willowmere, ye see, Willum. Oh, ah—yes of course. Trouble, Willum, trouble it was that did it. 'All flesh is grass,' ain't it, now, Willum?"

"Ah, yew be right, Master Mott. Yes, 'man as is born of woman'—very powerful, effectin words them be. Somebody dead, Master Mott?"

"Yes," said Jerry, heaving another prodigious sigh. "Oh, yes, Willum. My little grandowter."

"Nay. What, Bob's little g'el? I be sorry to hear on 't, Master Mott. And the only one they had too! Dear, dear!"

"Ah!" sighed Jerry. "Ten month old this very day, and as fine a child as ever yew did see. The way it took nourishment! Oh, but 'tis a world o' trouble is this, now—ain't it, Willum?"

"Yew be right there," said William. "There do be a deal o' deaths. Old Simon Brown died last week—matter o' ninety-fower he were. Ah, very sad is this world—so it is."

"Aye," said Jerry, climbing into his cart and swinging his lantern over its contents to see that they were all safe; "aye, Willum, we be all born to trouble, accordin to the Scripcher. Take it very bad, do some on us, too, when we be called to kiss the rod too."

"Human natur, Master Mott, human natur. Yes, I reckon Bob and his pore wife'll take it very hard. Dear, dear, a deal they did think o' that child, sure-ly! The way it were dressed—like a quality infant. Ah, a sore trouble indeed."

"Aye, Willum, and, ye see, all the more so 'cause Bob and his wife has no more. Oh, a very desolate house indeed, I assewer you, Willum, when I come away. 'Bob, my lad,' I says, 'yew bear up. Listen to parson, Bob,' I says. 'Let him speak comfortable words,' says I."

"To be sure," agreed the hostler. "'Tis very seasonable is a bit o' religion when a man's in trouble."

"Aye!" said Jerry, gathering up the reins. "Aye! Buried it today they did, Willum. Alongside my old woman it is—God rest 'em both! Well, good night, Willum—a very sad world is this here."

Jerry went rumbling out of the yard and through the archway into the glaring lights of the market place. Usually he had stopped his pony at the sweet-stuff shop and purchased a "marketing" for Bob's baby; tonight he drove sadly past, for the baby was dead and beyond the reach of lollipops. He could see the little green grave in Willowmere churchyard in his mind's eye as he drove slowly out of Cornchester and turned into the dark country lane that led homeward. Such a tiny mound it was—how strange that it covered so much of human love and sorrow!

It is six miles from Cornchester to Willowmere, and between the market town and the sleepy village lie two other places—one a rather large colliery village called Pitmouth, the other a tiny hamlet called Little Ashby. It was old Jerry's duty to call at both these places. There were parcels to deliver and commissions to give an account of. Presently therefore he pulled up at the Blue Pig in Pitmouth, and after collecting half a dozen miscellaneous parcels from his cart disappeared into the inn. His pony remained quietly outside. It was accustomed to stay in the same spot every Saturday evening for at least half an hour.

Everything was very quiet inside the inn. The village lay a hundred yards farther along the road, and the Blue Pig was therefore comparatively lonely. Thus it happened that no one was about when a woman, carrying a square basket hamper, came cautiously from the direction of the village and approached Jeremiah Mott's cart. She looked around to see that no one watched her, and then laid the basket very gently among the straw in the body of the vehicle. For a moment she lingered, then she drew the shawl closely about her face and hurried away.

At the end of half an hour Jerry emerged from the inn, climbed to his seat, bade the pony proceed and rolled away again. He left the colliery village behind him and was soon in the open country. Left to himself once more the little green grave in Willowmere churchyard began to haunt him again. He sighed as he pictured the lonely cottage at home. Bob and his wife would be there waiting his return, and no doubt still sorely troubled by their bereavement.

"Eh," sighed Jerry to himself, "what a deal o' difference a little un dew make, sure-ly! I'd gi' a hundred goold guineas to have it back."

The road grew rather rough. They had been laying down a course of dross upon it, and the pony staggered a bit as he picked his way in the darkness over the sharp points. The cart had no springs, and it began to jolt and shake somewhat. Presently it got over the stones and onto smooth surfaces again. Then Jerry was suddenly aware of a child's faint cry somewhere close at hand. He started and pricked his ears like a watchdog.

"Seems to me like a child a-cryin," said he. "Yes; 'tis a child, sure-ly. Whoa, Robin, lad! Let's see what this may be. Whoa, then!"

The pony stopped, and Jeremiah got down, and having lighted his lantern went over toward the hedgeside. The cry had stopped then. He looked about him curiously, but saw nothing. "Must be on t'other side," said he, and went stumping across the lane. Then the faint cry came again, and the carrier straightened himself up in amazement.

"Blessed if 'tain't in my cart!" said he. "Well—well—this do be very pertickler strange. A child cryin in my cart."

He held the lantern over the cart tail and looked at the miscellaneous collection of baskets, bags and parcels arranged there. And then his face grew troubled, for he saw a hamper and did not recognize it.

"Dear, dear!" said Jeremiah. "Here be strange work, I misdoubt. I didn't never put that i' my cart."

The hamper lid was loose, and Jerry turned it back and gazed with astonished eyes on the sight which presented itself. For there, warmly wrapped in various ancient garments, lay a baby girl, fair haired and blue eyed, who stared at Jerry's wrinkled and weather-beaten face, and smiled contentedly.

"Dear-a-me!" said the carrier. "Dear-a-me!"

He stood staring at the baby until it began to whimper again. There was a feeding bottle in the basket with it, and Jerry hastened to thrust the tube into the little rosy mouth, at the same time giving voice to certain soothing chuckles which he had used when hushing his little dead granddaughter to sleep. Then he covered the baby up again and went forward to Little Ashby and pulled up at the door of the "Brown Cow." He staid inside little more than two minutes, and when he came forth again the stout, comfortable looking landlady followed him to the cart.

"Look 'ee there, missis," said Jerry, holding his lantern over the sleeping baby's face. "Look 'ee there!"

The landlady nodded and sighed.

"Ah, poor dear!" said she. "'Tis just a dispensation o' Providence, Master Mott—it is indeed. Take it home to Bob's poor wife—maybe it'll comfort her for the loss of the other."

So Jeremiah set forward over the last mile of road to Willowmere. The baby slept quietly all the way, for the road was smooth, and the motion of the cart was soothing.

Poor Bob, his eyes red with weeping for the dead baby, was at the gate to welcome his father. Jeremiah got down from his perch very softly and approached him.

"Now, my lad," said Jerry, "how do 'ee feel now like, and how's poor Mary?"

"Bad—very bad, feyther, is Mary," said Bob. "Her sits by the hearthstone and don't say a word to nobody. Mistress White—she says 'at if on'y Mary 'ud cry a bit 't would do her good, but her don't cry—not a tear."

"Bob," said the old man, "look thee here!"

He held the lantern over the sleeping baby. Bob, opening his eyes and mouth, stared and gazed in amazement. The old man set down the light, and lifting the child from its nest turned with it toward the house. Mary sat by the hearth as he entered, her eyes dry and burning, her face full of despair.

"Mary," said old Jeremiah very softly. "Mary—look thee here, my dear."

He laid the sleeping baby on her knee. It suddenly woke and shed the full light of its blue eyes upon her. For a second she gazed at it wonderingly; then she clasped it in her arms, and the hot tears began to rain down upon its round little face. Old Jeremiah watched the little group wonderingly; then he turned, sighed and went back to his cart.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Inventions of Women.

Women inventors by no means confine themselves to those departments where they might be supposed to possess special experience. Patents have been granted to women for a plan for deadening the noise on railways, for preventing sparks from locomotives, for sweeping the streets, for a new form of life raft, for textile manufactures, electrical appliances, and in London a woman has patented a machine for making watch screws that is provided with a thread so delicate as to be almost invisible, and so perfect as to cut threads on a human hair.—New York Sun.

A Way Out of It.

The other day a journal, hitherto without a spot on its character, inquired with well feigned innocence, "How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man will receive one and still one remain in the dish?" After several hundred people went two-thirds distracted in the mazes of this proposition, the journal meanly says, "One takes the dish with the egg."

A WEALTHY BAREFOOT BOY.

A Physician's Son Who Goes Stockingless Summer and Winter.

The indignation of the passengers on a western Maryland railroad train was somewhat unnecessarily excited near Baltimore by the unusual spectacle of a richly clad boy of five or six years, whose legs and feet were perfectly bare, although the winter morning was a cold one. The child was accompanied by his mother and sister, both of whom were richly dressed, and the sudden conclusion was formed by the passengers that the family had spent so much money in wraps, dresses and coverings for the bodies and shoulders of the elders that nothing had been left wherewith to provide a protection from the inclemency of the weather for the boy's extremities.

The appearance and conduct of the three, which indicated culture, wealth and, on the part of the mother, parental solicitude for the welfare of her offspring, and on the part of the boy perfect content and comfort and apparent obliviousness to the fact that his feet and ankles were bare, hardly seemed to accord with the hastily formed suspicion of the curious spectators. On inquiry it was ascertained that the boy was the son of a protminent physician who had lost one child after another with throat diseases until he hit upon the idea of turning his children out barefooted, as children went before stockings and shoes, which retain the moisture of the foot and the moisture of the ground, were invented.

The physician's experiment proved to be a perfect success. The barefooted boy was the picture of health. At Union station he ran up the cold boards and ice covered bricks laughing and singing and totally unaware of any discomfort. By adopting the barefoot method the Maryland physician has succeeded in raising a family of healthy boys and girls. Winter and summer his children of both sexes have gone shoeless and stockingless. People look on with curiosity and amazement, but the doctor is perfectly satisfied with the results.

Indian mothers made their babies hardy by plunging them in the ice covered streams. Physicians of today say that the best remedy for cold feet is to plunge them into cold water. The warmth, comfort and exhilaration which come from the attraction of the blood to the extremities exceed any physical delight to be extracted from toasting one's toes at the open fire, the register or the steam radiator. It seems to be Mother Nature's way of teaching us that we must endure before we enjoy and that the greatest joy comes through endurance.—Baltimore American.

Smoking Not So Dangerous After All.

The coroner of St. Louis has "knocked out" one superstition of the doctors and explains himself thus:

I think I have knocked one superstition completely out. This is the belief that inveterate smoking causes heart disease. Out of a total of 460 deaths due to heart trouble that have come under my observation during the last two years, only two of the victims were regular smokers. Drink caused the largest portion of those diseases, and so the deaths. Fifteen years ago, when I was back in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, a doctor told me that I would be a dead man within two years unless I quit smoking. My heart was affected, he said, and the tobacco, by increasing the organ's movement, aggravated the malady.

Six years ago that same physician passed through this city on the way to Colorado for his health. He was almost a complete wreck, and his heart was in a very bad state. I happened to meet him, and almost the first thing he said was, "You quit smoking long ago, I suppose." "Well, scarcely," I replied. "I smoke now on an average twenty-five cigars a day and never felt better in my life." You never saw such an astonished man in your life. To make a long story short, I got that man to smoke a cigar, and before the morning was over he had smoked five. Tobacco put him on the up road to health again, and he is living yet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rolling an Empty Barrel.

One of the interesting spectacles of the streets adjacent to the great markets of this town is the feats of barrel rolling performed by predatory boys, mostly Italians. It may seem an easy thing to roll a barrel along a crowded sidewalk, without doing aught that shall bring down the disapproval of the police, but it isn't. The Italian gleaner tips his barrel, open end up, at an angle of thirty degrees or less, and whirls it along by deft touches with one hand at the inner edge of the rim. A barrel thus treated by a clever lad can be sent along for blocks with only an occasional touch from the other hand. Even at curbs and crossings the skillful roller keeps his barrel going with one hand. There is never a collision with the ordinarily careful pedestrian, and the line of advance, when the pavement is clear, is straight as the crow flies.—New York Sun.

The Blue Color of the Sky.

The blue color of the sky is probably merely the color of the air seen through a length of about forty-five miles. It has been observed by those who have ascended about five miles above the earth's surface that the sky appears of a dark, inky hue, owing to the very small reflection and dispersion of the light, while the blue color no longer appears above, but below them. Similarly the blue color of distant hills is owing to the same cause. Del Meer believed that were it possible for a man to ascend to a height of ten miles he would find himself in total darkness, even though it were bright noonday on the earth below him.—St. Louis Republic.

Pitiful Paragraphs.

Nothing in the newspapers is more pitiful than the constantly recurring paragraphs which contain the last letters of a suicide. The pathos of them is not obscured by the absurd inadequacy of the reasons which they only too often advance for self destruction.—Boston Globe.

From a New Point of View.

"For years," said a steady churchgoer, "I had been sitting in the same pew and in the same seat—the end seat by the aisle. Usually the other places are occupied by members of my family, for we all attend church pretty regularly, but one Sunday recently, when for one reason and another they had all stayed at home, I sat in my pew alone. Seeing plenty of room there, the usher brought to sit with me a stranger. I was of course glad to welcome him. I did not get up and step out into the aisle so that he might pass in by me, but I moved along to the other end of the pew and let him sit in my place. When I had seen him comfortably seated and handed him a hymnbook and had turned toward the pulpit again I was surprised to find that everything in the church seemed new and strange to me. For a long time I had been accustomed to seeing the backs of the heads of my friends and neighbors who sit in front of me and the sides of their faces from a certain point of view.

"I saw them now from another point of view, and they all seemed to look very differently. I saw children who appeared from their demeanor to be regular attendants at church, but whom I had never noticed there before. They had been there of course, but my view of them had been cut off by the heads and shoulders of other persons. The preacher appeared to me in another light, and it seemed as though his sermon, coming as it did along a new angle, came with new power. Indeed it was almost like visiting a new church. The fact is that we are all such creatures of habit that we are apt to be surprised if we depart even a little way from the road we are accustomed to travel."—New York Sun.

Uses for Dudes.

The plain, everyday young man, with a superfluity of cheek and deficiency of chin, who seems to have been born with a tooth for buckhorn, was born for some good purpose, no doubt, though it is hard to tell just what it is.

A western gentleman who runs a country newspaper at home has been in New York recently and thinks he has made a valuable discovery. He saw one of these young men in a doorway of Delmonico's, standing there sucking his cane gloomily and looking almost human.

"We can't get any servant girls in my town," said the westerner. "Our best people have to do all their own work, though they are willing and able to pay for having it done. All the new generation of girls out our way have been sent to high school, normal school and college, and are educated way out of sight of the kitchen and would faint at a washtub. Now that young man over there looks as if he might be taught housework. He could at least mind the baby while the old woman worked. I understand you have lots of those fellows here. You call them 'chippies' or 'chappies.' There doesn't seem to be much prospect of making men out of them. Why not turn in and make women out of them? If that fellow would only go out west with me I'd give him a good place where he could cook, wash dishes, tend baby and make himself a useful and happy citizen and get good wages too."—New York Herald.

Some Historic Places.

The walls of Kilcolman castle, built by Raleigh for Spenser, are still standing. The state drawing room in which the poet is said to have written the "Faery Queen" is used as a stable, and a cow touches the opposite walls with her horns and tail.

The castle of Chillon, commanding an important mountain pass, was for ages a favorite fortress of the dukes of Savoy. The stranger passes through the dungeons below the lake where Bonnivard was chained and where other prisoners starved to death up to the unaired, damp little rooms above, and is tempted to think that the royal dukes were not much more comfortably housed than their enemies.

"But," argues the triumphant foreigner, "if your houses are large and luxurious, with modern appliances, think of the immortal deeds which ennobled these cramped closets and narrow closes!"

Not all the courage of men is spent; not all the laurel crowns have been won! Smith, of New York, or Jones, of Tacoma, in his comfortable, commonplace home, is quite as likely to justify his right to live by lofty aims and noble acts as was any Sidney or Bourbon.—Youth's Companion.

Art in Children's Toys.

The tendency to do everything better than formerly is again shown in the wonderful toy animals offered at fairs and exchanges.

In the infancy of this art rabbits and elephants of white and gray canton flannel, with shoe buttons for eyes and abnormally developed legs which yet often failed to support the stuffed bodies dependent upon them, were the highest specimens seen. Now, however, realistic animals, carefully fashioned from drawings from life, animals of natural symmetry and proportions, that stand properly and are made of colors admirably imitating the skin or fur with which the living model is provided—these are the present results. The nicety of the work in detail secures a really wonderful effect as a whole.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Must Earn His Fee.

Dr. Pighead visits Mr. Coldham, the great pork manufacturer.

"Well, my dear sir, I don't see that there is anything radically wrong with you. Go to bed early, don't drink anything stronger than coffee, and you'll be all right in a week."

"What! Are you not going to give me any medicine?"

"Certainly not. You don't need it."

"But you get your money just the same."

"Yes. Just so."

"Well, I don't think it is a square deal. S'posin you bleed me, put a mustard plaster on the back of my neck and gimme a dose of salts. Everybody that works for me's got to earn his salary."—London Tit-Bits.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing.

Everywhere Popular

"Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake av, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 530 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div No 1—J J Adamson, Pres, 352 W Fourteenth-st; R P O'Grady, V P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 Ashland-av; Christopher McLaughlin, Fin Sec; Jere'h O'Brien, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2 p m, at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Amrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 436 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; T McInerney, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted-sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4320 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie-st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 236 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3809 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3512 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3756 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John F Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 100 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. J. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas. Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J F Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 324 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 363 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 257 W Eighteenth st; Michael J McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hickman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twomey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4082 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 230 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas. Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas. Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5745 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V-P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

Hell Will Be on a Comet!

What do you think of the idea of hell, the future abode of the wicked, being situated in the nucleus of some gigantic comet? This opinion, odd as it may seem to those who have given comets and the future state of the dead but little attention, has been entertained by many really eminent scientists and philosophers, among them the learned Dr. Whiston, the friend and sometime adviser of the great Sir Isaac Newton.

In answer to the inquiries of a friend, who wrote to ask the doctor for some tangible proof on the subject, the following unique theories were advanced: "According to my calculations and deductions, this theory which you rightly say 'must belong to me and me alone,' does locate hell, the awful prison house of the damned, in the fiery nucleus of some (perhaps yet undiscovered) comet of unthinkable size.

"In this wide circling chariot of fire they will be whirled in the twinkling of an eye from the intolerable heat of the surface of the sun back into space hundreds and hundreds of millions of miles from the great torch bearer of our system. Thus instantly the wretched tenants will be given two unbearable extremes—one of cold and the other of heat—this to continue through the endless ages of eternity, while the Almighty is dispensing the severities of justice."

Did mortal man ever harbor a more horrible idea than this?—St. Louis Republic.

Literary Chances in New York.

The actual chances for literary success in New York are in no respect different from those which any greater city presents over those of a smaller community. If a literary man or woman can go to New York with a certainty offered in the way of a fairly paying position, then I say, by all means go, and if he has any talent in him it will come out and win quick success. But if he has only ordinary gifts then let him stay where he is, even with a certainty offered him. New York holds out nothing to such a man except a poor livelihood. Or, if a writer has established a fair reputation, is known by editors and publishers through letters, and he feels that there is something in him which only the activity of a great city will bring out, then let him go to busy Gotham.

But let him be careful that he does not confuse ambition with talent. New York is full of ambitious writers, and they will always remain ambitious, always reaching out to eat the literary oats which hang suspended just a little out of their reach. Ambition is a splendid quality, but the talent must be there to back it up. And the latter is what is lacking in so many of the ambitious literary spirits in New York today. It is all ambition.—E. W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

What Might Be Was Not.

What might be is very nice, but isn't, occurred on a train coming into Detroit from Toledo one day last week. There was a good looking young woman in a seat by herself when at a way station a rather fly drummer came on.

"Is this seat engaged, miss?" he inquired, stopping in front of her.

"No," she replied promptly.

"May I set here?" he asked as he began to pile in.

"No!" she said with such a snap that he slid along the seat and dropped into a place along side of a very coarse man.—Detroit Free Press.

Business Directory.

Grocers.

HOGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIEN, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
339 W. Harrison St.,
Orders Called For and Delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilisk.
115 Erie-st. corner Market, Chicago

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING
The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper,
208 South Halsted-st., near Van Buren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block,
107 Dearborn street, Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916 Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st, Chicago. Telephone 931.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
308 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

PERMANENT POSITIONS WITH good pay are now open for a few industrious, reliable Catholics willing to travel short distances. Apply, with references, to BENZIGER BROS.,
36 & 38 BARCLAY-ST., NEW YORK CITY.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

SEXTON THE TEA MAN

20-22 STATE STREET.

Branches { 60 CHICAGO AV. / 280 BLUE ISLAND AV.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK.—ss. Superior Court of Cook County, January Term, A. D. 1893. Edward J. Thomas vs. Mary E. Thomas. In Chancery. No. 144,969.
Notice is hereby given to the said Mary E. Thomas that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY, 916 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF GEORGE RYAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of George Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1893, being the 20th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, January 26, 1893.
JAMES RYAN,
Administrator of the estate of George Ryan, deceased.
James O'Connell, Attorney.

JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term, A. D. 1893. Archibald Wilson vs. Eva Catharine Wilson. In Chancery, No. 4,433. Gen. No. 148,107. Affidavit of non-residence of Eva Catharine Wilson, defendant in the above entitled cause named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, notice is hereby given to the said Eva Catherine Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Compl'ts. Sol'r.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC.	TEUTONIC.
582 Feet. 10,000 Tons.	10,000 Tons. 582 Feet.
6 days, 18 hours, 8 min.	5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.
BRITANNIC,	GERMANIC,
7 days, 6 hours, 32 min.	7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.
ADRIATIC.	CELTIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.
Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.
The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.
For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
64 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE

SPECIAL

EASY PAYMENTS.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE.

Dress Goods, Cloaks and Shawls. Gents' and Boys' Suits and Overcoats. Furniture, Carpets, Pianos and Organs.

JAMES T. CLARKE,
MANAGER.
112 South Clark-St.
Room 526. Chicago Opera House.
TELEPHONE 2156.

The Verdict of Great Artists in Favor of the

KIMBALL PIANOS.

From a large number of letters in our possession indorsing the superiority of the Kimball Piano we mention the following well-known musicians who have used and recommended them:

Adelina Patti,	Sig. Perotti,
Lilli Lehman,	Sig. Revelli,
Minnie Hauk,	Sig. Sarasete,
Mme. Albani,	Ovide Musin,
Mme. Nordica,	C. Behrens,
Fursch-Madi,	P. S. Gilmore,
Mme. Fabri,	A. De Novellis,
Sig. Tomagno,	Emil Leibling,
May Alvary,	Chas. Kunkel,
Sig. Del Puente,	Clementine de Vere,
Sig. Arditi,	Emil Fischer,

W. C. E. Seeboeck,
and many other prominent musicians of Europe and America.

The Pianos thus indorsed by the collective genius and authorities of the world may be found in large variety, together with the KIMBALL REED and PORTABLE PIPE ORGANS, as well as the celebrated HALLET & DAVIS, and PIANOS of cheaper make, at the warerooms of

W. W. KIMBALL CO.,
KIMBALL HALL,
Wabash-av., near Jackson-st.

CALL AND PAY A DEposit and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.
We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.
Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,
Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.
134 WEST MADISON STREET.
OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

INMAN LINE

UNITED STATES & ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
—BETWEEN—
NEW YORK & SOUTHAMPTON.

The Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Steamers in the World.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, Gen'l Western Agent.
32 South Clark-st., Chicago, Ill.

When sending for your friends

Bear This Fact In Mind, That

THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE

Fast Express Mail Steamers

Established 1840,

has a whole fleet of floating palaces: "Etruria," "Umbria," "Aurania" and "Servia" sailing every Saturday from Liverpool and New York, and during the busy season fortnightly extras; also weekly sailings via Boston, making the

Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Service in the World.

Its character, record and general reputation for SPEED, COMFORT and SAFETY (having never lost a passenger in the 52 years of its existence) requires no comment.

Rates as low as by any First-Class Passenger Line. Our Magnificent Mail Steamers are not expected to compete in rates with ships carrying cattle over and passengers returning.

Agents Wanted.

G. WHITING, Manager Western Dept.,
181 Randolph Street, Chicago.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent Hotel, freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fireproof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc, is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc, of the city. Attached to the Hotel is a first-class Restaurant.

READ
"THE CITIZEN"
Published and Edited by
JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

It will enter on the TWELFTH YEAR of publication on Saturday, January 7, 1893, with a complete new outfit.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Club rates, individually, $2 per year. Single subscriptions, $2.50 per year, Payable in Advance.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

JOHN BEEGAN,
HATTER AND PARADE FURNISHER.
All kinds of Uniforms, Athletic Goods, Racing and Sporting Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics, and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges and Medals, Banners, Flags, and Firemen's Supplies.
228 SOUTH HALSTED-ST, CHICAGO, ILL.
Telephone 4092.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST BREWING COMPANY'S BOTTLED BEER.

Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE,
CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS.
HERMAN PABST, Manager.
Sold Everywhere. Try It.

M'AVOY BREWING COMPANY,
2349 South Park Av.

Pure Lager Beer. Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres.
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.
Telephone 8257.

AUSTIN J. KILKENNY,
Wholesale and Retail
HAY, GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED DEALER,
4937 SOUTH HALSTED-ST,
CHICAGO.
Prompt Delivery. Car Lots a Specialty.

Telephone 3258. Established 1880.
UNION
Steam Boiler Works.
James Leonard, Prop'r.
Manufacturer of Marine, Stationary and Locomotive Boilers, Tanks, Water Towers and Sheet Iron Work.
36, 38, 40 and 42 EAST INDIANA ST.,
CHICAGO.
Repair Work of All Kinds a Specialty. Orders will receive Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THE

RUN

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.
FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.
Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Tourist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash.
Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer, Mich.
For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.
S. R. AINSLIE, General Manager, Chicago, Ill.
J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.
H. C. BARLOW, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

"Education is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity."

THE COST OF AN EDUCATION.

HUSBAND—"My dear, our boy Robert graduates from the public schools very soon, you know. Have you thought what he had best do then?"

WIFE—"Well John, I'd like ever so much to send him to college if you think we could afford it."

HUSBAND—"I'm afraid that is out of the question, my dear. Do you know it would cost at the very least $800 a year for him at any good college?"

WIFE—"Goodness, as much as that? Of course we can't send him. But I do want to give him a good start in the world, and I don't think a public school education is enough to equip him for the battle of life."

HUSBAND—"No, it is not to-day, when education is so general. Now, I've been set a thinking by an advertisement I saw in our paper the other day and that is why I brought up the subject to-night. I was reading about the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica to-day, and its really a great thing. With these books in the house, Robert will have information upon every possible subject, and it is the most reliable information in the world. Whatever his natural bent is he can find proper development for it in this encyclopedia, whether its the law, mechanics, engineering, literature or any of the arts and sciences. Besides, there he will find the life stories of all the great men of the past and he will know of their efforts, their struggles and their successes, and he may have a better and more serious view of life. These books have in them all the instruction he can get in a college education. Honestly, our paper has given us a great opportunity. Now, my dear, what do you think of my scheme?"

WIFE—"Its just splendid John; but what will the books cost?'

HUSBAND—"Why, that's the most surprising thing of all. We can get them for only ten cents a day, just think of it. Here is the offer."

ON RECEIPT OF ONE DOLLAR

we will forward to you, charges prepaid, the entire set of 20 volumes, the remaining $9.00 to be paid at the rate of 10 cents a day (to be remitted monthly). A beautiful dime savings bank will be sent with the books, in which a dime may be deposited each day. This edition is printed from new, large type on a fine quality of paper, and is strongly bound in heavy manilla paper covers, which with proper care will last for years. Bear in mind that the entire 20 volumes are delivered to your address, with all charges paid to any part of the United States.

This special offer is made only to the readers of THE CITIZEN and will remain open for a limited time only.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO "THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN:

Please deliver to me the entire set of 20 volumes of Revised Encyclopædia Britannica, as above described, together with your Dime Savings Bank, for which I enclose One Dollar, and further agree to remit 10 cents a day (remitting the same monthly) until the remaining $9.00 is fully paid.

Name.....

Postoffice.....

County.....

State.....

No Cure. No Pay!
DR. KEAN
THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.
Established 1864.
169 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

COOKE Brewing Co.,
Foot of 27th St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.
Telephone 8298.

CONRAD SEIPP Brewing Company,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Telephone 8350.
BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.
PILSENER BEER.

$25 to $50 per week to Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, using or selling "Old Reliable Plater." Only practical way to replate rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc; quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing, or machinery. Think plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years. Has finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Profits large. W. P. Harrison & Co. Columbus, O.

FURNITURE,
Stoves, Carpets, Parlor Goods.
HENRY STUCKART,
2517 and 2519 Archer-av.

KEELEY Brewing Co.
MALTSTERS
AND
Lager Beer Brewers,
TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.
CHICAGO, ILL.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ Brewing Company,
MILWAUKEE.
Represented by
Edward G. Uihlein,
Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.